WIT AND DROLLERY.

Jovial Poems.

Corrected and Amended, with New Additions.

Ut Nectar Ingenium.

LONDON,

Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave*, at the *Bear* in St. *Pauls Church-Yard*, 1682.

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TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

YOu are here presented with *Wit* and *Drollery*, truly calculated for the Meridian of Mirth.

This sort of Wit hath formerly suffered Martyrdom; for *Cromwell*, who was more for Policy than Wit, not only laid the first Reviver of these Recreations in the Tower, but also committed the innocent Sheets to the mercy of the Executioners fire; as being some of them too kind, as he thought, to the Royal Partie. But as Martyrdome encreates fame, so the Book being reprinted with additions, lost nothing by its sufferings, but got that esteem as to be quite out of Print. Therefore to supply the defect of such an ingenious and harmless divertisment, the owner of the Copy has thought it convenient to send it forth again, under the same

ſame Title, but with ſeveral Additions, collected from the choiceſt of the Modern Wits; many of them were never Printed before; they are intended for Paſtime and Recreation, and as ſuch courteous Reader, preſented to the world, for your pleaſure and delight; not doubting but they will anſwer expectation, and merit both your approbation and acceptance.

Farewell.

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VVIT AND DROLLERY.

The Lost Opportunity *recovered.*

I.

IT chanc'd. *Lysander*, that unhappy Man,
Lead to it by the rashness of his Love,
Assaulted the fair *Cloris*, who does prove
Unable to resist, do what she can;
All things conspire to favour his Essay.
When that Bright Star, the Patron of the Day,
Retir'd to bear his Fires to Western Waves,
That Enemy of *Cyprus*, by Surprise,
Depriv'd the World of Light, and him enslaves
I'th dazling Splendors of fair *Cloris* Eyes.

II.

This Beauty, with an Amorous silence, then
Into her Secret Lodging softly went,
Where she endur'd most sweetly with content,
Th' effects which violent Loves do cause in Men,
Her pretty Arms which she extended forth
Serv'd her not now as Officers of Wrath;
Whose kind Repulses pull'd him to her still:
While thus confus'd she suffers him to kneel,
She finds not half the Courage, in her will
To say, forbear—what dos't thou make me feel?

III.

Fixing her Eyes, at once severe and sweet,
She fully looks her Lover in the Face,
Shewing him where two mighty Passions meet,
Anger and Lover in a confused grace:
Lysander—says she, with a trembling Voice,
I shall call out—don't urge me to a noise,
Nor think that I shall ere content your mind;
Forbear to tempt my Honour then, false Love;
Or here begin to take my Life resign'd
To you that have my Heart, if right you move.

IV.

And now, *Lysander*, full as void of fear,
As he was full of Love, couragious grows;
The Ardours of his Love he now bestows
Upon her Lips, that Love's Impression wear;
Then subtly He his burning hand conveighs
Upon her Snowie Breast: There with delays

He

He makes pretention to dissolve the Ice;
And now Embracing *Cloris* in his Arms,
By his success encouraging his Vice,
He then a lower hidd'n place Alarms.

V.

Without respect or stop he wandring rov'd,
Searching the chiefest Object of his Love;
Hid with her Robes he quickly found the place,
That happy place which he so much had lov'd.
Lysander now with bold, yet trembling hands,
That shady Paradise takes and commands;
To purchase which, we often purchase Hell.
That Living Throne where *Cupid* sits in State
And rules the World, while Kings and Princes kneel
To Eyes and Breasts, but only aim at That.

VI.

Thus with conjoyn'd lips they both embrac'd,
In those soft Bands of Love most strictly ty'd;
In that Contest they could not long abide,
Lysander forc'd her on a Couch unlac'd.
Where all transported with her rowling eyes,
Half Living and half Dead with the Surprize,
She sudd'nly did counterfeit a Swoon;
And by a change so pregnant she did seem
As if her Soul her Body had left; but soon
Her Sighs convinc'd him that she did but Dream.

VII.

To see her naked Breast discover'd there,
Her body stretch'd at length, the Guess was fair
That she had quite forgot all modest care.
Her Bashfulness, Restraint, and her despair,
Were signs her Constancy was at an end,
And that *Lysander* might himself befriend,
Leaving him now to exercise his Power;
But by an Accident that did afflict
Ev'n *Mars* himself, when *Vulcan* paid his score,
Between them nothing past, the Man was nick't.

VIII.

Just coming now to tast a Thousand Blisses,
This sad and much Afflicted Lover found
That all the Thoughts of his Delights were drown'd.
He Tortures felt, instead of Amorous Kisses,
All Members had joynd Issue, Thighs to Thighs,
Yet in that Active Moment out it flies,
With such a speed, as had no fellow to't,
And to orewhelm him in his Burning heat
Limber and cold grew Life's engendring Root,
That poor *Lysander* could not do the Feat.

IX.

The great Director, Nature's Propagator,
The Principle of Life, Father of Motion,
From Victory retreats: This *Jupiter Stator*
Both shape and vigor losing prov'd meer notion,
Lysander, 'tis in vain, said she, *to grieve.*
Since no Sollicitations can retrieve

This Sottiſh Lump: In vain dos't thou excite
This Coward Caytiff: *Thou art weakly mann'd,*
To take the Fort: Defie him then in ſpite,
Who, ſtead of rallying, weeps upon thy hand.

X.

He in this cruel and moſt ſad diſaſter
Remain'd confus'd, aſtoniſh'd to deſpair;
And finding Nature was not her own Maſter,
Vowd to renounce her, and her prudent care.
This ſaid, with fury now tranſported,
Anon afraid thoſe forces which he courted
Should be accus'd for being Impotent,
He with a mournful voice began to plead,
And prove by witneſs he was Innocent,
And that he nere conſented to the deed.

XI.

Mean while the careleſs *Cloris* as ſhe ſate
Vex'd and Embroil'd at her miſchance, began
To feel her hands on naked Skin of Man,
And laid upon the weary Reprobate.
Whether deſign or hazard caus'd this chance,
Her hand upon the God's Comrade did glance
That Fables call *Priapus*; but reſenting
That the cold Garden-God was lank and lame,
Her thoughts confus'd at her in vain conſenting,
She ſtudy'd how ſhe might repair her ſhame.

XII.

The youngeſt Shepherdeſs moſt immature
More dextrouſly could not withdraw her hand,

When harmless knowledge did her once assure
Something she knew not what did her offend,
Than *Cloris* did, when she her hand retir'd
From what she knew, a Member all bemir'd,
That underneath her Garments did salute
Her softer Flesh; and quickly in a rage
From her *Lysander*, cause he had no Fruit
Worthy her Taste, her self would disingage.

XIII.

Thus with a Cholerick humour all possest,
She did repel this Feeble Lover so,
That all his strength could not prevail to show
His Innocence, but to the Dore she prest;
While Poor *Lysander* falling on his Knees,
Crys, *Cloris, Cloris, what does thee displease?*
At least I prithee listen to my Grief
And make reflexion on my Miseries,
Which are the sensibleſt without relief
That Love or Death ere set before our Eyes.

XIV.

My dearest Cloris *I do love thee more*
Than all the pleasures the world makes esteem of,
That all Mankind can wish for or else Dream of,
Nay above my self, if Truth Man ever swore.
So while with lively Ardours thus I burn,
The colder change that makes this suddain Turn
Should not seem strange to you, if you reflect
That I know how to Love; though these cold Charms
Are from the Devil now sent to breed neglect,
And snatch me from my Heav'nly Mistris's Arms.

XV.

XV.

Some Traytrous Enemy to Nature's Laws
Troubles my Sense, and Reason thus confuses,
And with the dismal poyson which he uses
Soyls that pure flame of which Love was the Cause.
It may be that some Powers above, the Gods,
Finding themselves less blest than I, by odds
Continue all this to make me miserable.
But I mistake, I know their Innocence.
'Tis Cloris *only, only she culpable,*
'Tis she alone that thus has charm'd my sense.

XVI.

It is thy Beauty, Cloris, *in my Soul,*
That thus has joynd Respect and Love in one,
It is thy Eye, far brighter than the Sun,
That makes me Love and doet my Love controul.
I'me happy then in my Adversity,
Whilst, what I did not dare in Liberty,
I now rejoice in favours not foreseen,
And in the Power of all my Senses wrapt,
I see those things where I have never bin;
Which Heav'n like Visions, Earth from acting kept.

XVII.

Let come what will, most Lovely Adorable,
Before that you retire from this same place,
You shall permit, I peirce before your face,
A heart most faithful and most miserable.
So that in dying, I may expiate
A Sin that is so black and so ingrate.

That

That it offends dame Nature to that Heighth,
That I am bound in Justice to your Charms
By Death t' attest my Love and my true Faith,
Since that my Life has done you all these Harms.

XVIII.

While still *Lysander* exerciz'd his voice,
And thought t' express more lively his despair,
And almost ready was prepar'd, by choice,
To shew the Bloody Effects of raging Care,
Fair *Cloris* suddainly surpriz'd his Arm,
And cry'd, *be silent—let that be your Charme;*
I hear some walking Foot-steeps hither pass,
Nay I do see, as well as hear a noise;
From th' Anti-Chamber flashes in my Face
A light of Splendour, in my Ears a Voice.

XIX.

When suddainly, the Voice being understood,
It did redouble her Astonishment,
And thus she strove to utter what she meant,
Hold, dear Lysander, *hold; by all that's good*
Forbear, leave off; do not retain me here;
My Jealous Husband misses me I fear,
Or else is come to Bed, his Hour is neer—
Should he discover us—hee's at the Dore—
A Jealous Man ought always to be shunn'd,
And you, whose strength is dead so long before,
Cannot resist, your Vitals being numm'd.

XX.

And now transported *Cloris*, in a fright
Begot by Love, by Fear, and Jealous care,

Her

Her Amorous Lover led in this dark Night
To a convenient Window that was near,
And without Complement there left her Love;
Who with a nimble Caper from above
The Street recovers, and then regaining Breath,
He found himself ore loaded with his cares,
Yet *Crane* like he made ſtalking ſteps from *death*,
As Nature teaches Men in ſuch Affairs.

XXI.

Come home, and ſmitten with a deadly hate
Of what procur'd his ſhame, with ſtrange *remorſe*
He ſeem'd to ſuffer now more pain than force
Could ere invent, or be deſign'd by Fate,
Though at this time the days did long appear,
The Night did ſeem to him a thouſand year.
This troubl'd Man could not his Eylids cloſe,
At length as he eſpy'd the break of Day,
For fear the Sun his light ſhould interpoſe,
He ſhut his Eyes but for a Moments ſtay.

XXII.

The Sun, that us'd to chaſe away the Shades,
And all the black *Chimera's* of the Night,
Render'd him but more ſad with worſe affright,
And far from diſſipating thoſe dark Glades,
Augments his grief and ſadneſs by his light.
When he beheld the Father of the day,
Through his exceſs of Love, his Soul Aſtray,
Strongly believ'd he ſaw fair *Cloris* Face,
But in a trice his thoughts were undeceiv'd.

And

And being ſtill in poor *Ixion's* caſe
Bewaild his Fate, and ſtill pin'd on, and griev'd.

XXIII.

After a thouſand ſecret Sighs and Groans;
This Lover, by a worthy thought deſign'd,
Reſolv'd by Death to cure his wouuded mind,
Or find a Remedy for all his moans:
I ſcorn ſaid he, *the Frowns of Fortune Now,*
Nor will I ſubject be to her falſe Brow,
My honour I with ſpeed repaird will have;
This very Day the Combat I will prove;
And bear the Victory or wear a Grave,
Procure my Death, or elſe poſſeſs my love.

XXIV.

The Ebullition of his hot deſire
Made him decree, as ſoon as he had din'd,
To walk abroad, to quench his looſer fire,
And ſee his *Miſtreſs Houſe*, where dwelt his mind.
Scarce had he ſpent four Minutes when he ſpy'd
Old *Dorimant*, who was to buſineſs ty'd,
And left his Houſe (the Husband of his Love)
When ſubt'ly he his Entrance did ſecure,
And his great cauſe he ſtreight began to move,
Either to purchaſe Death or win his cure.

XXV.

Lyſander, by a ſecret Avenue,
The Bleſt Apartment found where *Cloris* ſlept
Extended on her Bed, whoſe poſture kept
No Stiffneſs in the *Parts*, whence Beauty grew.

But

But drawing near, Oh moſt delicious ſight,
As Love had laid her for his own delight.
Yet far more ſtrange Surpriſal of his Heart
When he diſcern'd how her bare Thigh diſplai'd
That which to Man Pleaſure doth impart:
'Twas then he ſaw Loves Empire open layd.

XXVI.

Cloris in this agreeable Surprize,
Of which ſhe never could be thought to Dream,
By Negligence had Publick made Loves Theam,
Whoſe Shift was now no Vail to Humane Eyes.
Lyſander alſo curious to ſee more,
Surveys all thoſe Delights the Gods adore,
Diſcovers there Mans pains, and pleaſure too:
His Tomb and Cradle joyn'd in one he found,
And that which forms us what we are he knew,
And that which Burns us when in Water drown'd.

XXVII.

Oh Little pretty Treaſure of Nature,
Although a narrow, yet a Charming Jayl,
Thou ſweeteſt Tyrant over the Sex Male,
Thou fix'd and yet a moving Sepulcher,
Thou Altar which is ſerv'd upon the Knees,
Whoſe Offrings are the Blood of all Degrees,
Thou Blood-ſucker, both cloſe and Liberal,
Thou Queen of Shame and of all Honour too,
Permit my Pen leave to decipher all
Thoſe Pleaſures which our Bleſt *Lyſander* knew.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Thou well built Beauty, faireſt Patroneſs,
I know when briſk *Lyſander* thus did ſpie thee,
And threw himſelf upon the Bed down by thee,
He obſerv'd no Honour, nor no Baſhfulneſs,
But only mov'd by Love and Charity,
He thought it fit to hide thy Nudity.
That ſo he might evaporate his flame,
And ſavour thoſe full Pleaſures he deſign'd,
Such as the Body to the Soul does name
In the deſires and tranſports of the mind.

XXIX.

That lovely *Labyrinth* he now obſerv'd,
With ſparkling fierce eyes, caus'd in his ſenſe
An Ardour Burning with ſuch vehemence
As you may gueſs the Object well deſerv'd.
That fire with which he felt himſelf to burn
Burnt on and ſcorchd, and wandring takes a turn
Into his face; and now like one poſſeſt
By the Reflection of his late miſhap,
With a proud Courage and with ſtiffneſs bleſt,
Foaming with Love he makes to Beauty's Lap.

XXX.

Now full of Ardour, boldneſs and of Joy,
That he ſhould bear away ſo fair a prize,
This Gallant conquering upon *Cloris* lies,
Like a bold *Faulcon* fierce at the deſtroy,
When *Cloris* opening her moſt Beauteous eyes
Saw her *Lyſanders* Victory, ſhe dies.

Her

Her Secret Fence he brake with Secret Force
While with his ſtrenuous Arms he her embrac'd:
He conquers now ſecure without remorſe,
And where we muſt not name his *Enſign* plac'd.

XXXI.

Reviving *Cloris* rallying ſtrength again,
Torments her ſelf with powerful Eſſays;
She rolls, and ſtruggles, ſtriving ſeveral ways
To ſave her dying honour but in vain.
At thoſe Attempts, happy *Lyſander* ſtrove
With rowling Eyes his Vigour to Improve.
While eager Love began to make him drop:
His voice he loſt, his Breath is almoſt gone,
He Stretch'd, he Sigh'd, he Swoons, and makes a ſtop,
And on her Breaſt his Cheek lays ſoftly down.

XXXII.

As ſoon as his poor Raviſh'd Soul return'd
From this exceſs of pleaſure, ſtreight he gave
By burning ſighs both vigorous and grave,
The ſignal ſigns of Life: No more ſhe mourn'd:
But with her Milk white hand ſhe does remove
His Lips from off her Breaſts, the *Mounts* of *Love*;
Where Amorous *Lyſander* had them plac't;
And diſengaging from aſſwag'd deſire,
Finding her ſelf ſo wet, as if diſgrac't,
She wip'd away thoſe drops of Liquid Fire.

XXXIII.

The fair ſurpriz'd, faigning a Paſſion now,
For all the Paſſages between them Two,

(A

(A pique which from offended Honour grew)
Began her plaint and thus she did avow.
Alass, Lysander, *what shall I now do?*
Who have been false to Faith and Honour too.
Cruel Lysander, *you have lost me quite,*
Who thus against my will am now depriv'd
Of that, which after it has ta'ne it's flight,
I mean my Honour, cannot be surviv'd.

XXXIV.

If it were lawful for an extream crime
To hide it's Blemish but to lend it colour;
Then I would say, if it would ease my Dolour,
Because I lov'd too much, this fault was mine.
Oh Great Imperial Master Mighty Love,
Who by thy force both Gods and Men dost move,
Burning the very Fishes in the Waves,
While none alive can scape thy searching Darts,
Since all the World to Love are prostrate Slaves,
Then may I burn for you, 'mongst other Hearts.

XXXV.

My Soul has reason then to do what's done
In the acceptance of the Favourite's Love;
The name of an Old Husband nought can move
But Honour in a younger Woman's Love.
Husbands are Tyrants; therefore would I show
The Conquerors no Conquest o're us know,
But what's against the right of Nature, where
'Tis but to practise her true Laws, if we
For want of Nourishment, in our own Sphere,
Accept it where we find it satisfie.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But Men are all unfaithful in their Vows,
Their greateſt Flames ſoon loſe their Heat and Light,
And all that they retain of Love in Sight
Are but his Wings; which moſt ungrateful ſhows.
They are the Slaves of Liberty, and fly
Upon the Wings of their Inconſtancy,
And either in their Action or their Tongue,
Or th' indiſcretion of ſelf pleaſing Vanity,
Think it no Crime a Ladies Fame to wrong,
Boaſting the Breach of Vertue and Humanity.

XXXVII.

Too juſtly and too much belov'd Lyſander,
If you ſhould prove Ingrateful like the reſt,
A Thouſand Wounds ſhould peirce my injur'd Breaſt.
You of this Heart no more ſhould be Commander.
From ſuch a Soul can ſuch a Crime proceed?
Tell me! Could'ſt thou look on, and ſee me bleed?
Would'ſt thou divulge abroad my ſecret Flame
To ſatisfie this lighter Vanity
Upon the weakneſs of a Ladies Fame?
And Glory in a hateful Treachery?

XXXVIII.

Rather, my Dear, let Death my Portion be,
Reply'd *Lyſander* to this long diſcourſe.
And t' interrupt her, leſt ſhe might ſay worſe,
Upon her Breaſt his Lips fix'd modeſtly.
And from the Ground he lifts her; and juſt then
His Fancy made him couch her, once agen.

Where

Where what they did, in truth I cannot tell,
But I do guess, as you, they did the same,
Since that the Little *Cupids* saw them well;
And they told me the Bed danc't in the Frame.

XXXIX.

The Time's now come when they were both Entranc'd
Through their Excess of Bliss, and high content,
Five or six times these Doves together went,
And full as oft in active Measures Danc't.
Now Mouth to Mouth, all Members play'd their Game;
Expiring, Living, Furious, then as Tame.
And in that nick their Souls each other kiss'd,
While to behold their smarting pleasing *wounds*,
Between 'em *Cupid* now no Pastime mist:
All that was sweet in Love in them abounds.

XL.

But now my Muse forbear to warm my Veins;
And here allow me leave to make a stand.
Or else inspire me from some other hand
With other Subjects to secure my Reins.
For now I feel already in my heart,
With slippery sweetness gliding in *Loves dart*;
But I strike Sayl, as being forc'd to yield;
For when I *Cloris* do remember, streight
With strange *Chimæra*'s is my Fancy fill'd;
I am *Lysander*, and enjoy his Fate.

A RARITY.

I.

MY Mistress is not common;
She's a Female but no Woman,
For you may believe her;
She's so constant in her Love,
That the Man must Woman prove,
That does deceive her.

II.

Yet she's a Mistress still;
And the name of Wife takes ill;
Hating formal Ties.
For a Duty Wife implies;
And no Duty can be free,
As Love should be.

III.

In Chastity she strives
To out-do the best of Wives,
But yet ne're the prouder:
She that boasts in doing well
Pays her self, though Truth to tell,
'Tis ill allow'd her.

IV.

'Tis not a Chain of Gold
That does her affections hold;

No way Mercenary:
With my want or plenty she
Keeps an equal Sympathy,
Ne're to vary.

V.

Her Tongue takes little Air,
Yet in Pleasure Debonair,
Then as mute again:
For her silence speaks much more,
Than the Twattle of a Score,
Profuse and Vain.

VI.

You Laugh perhaps, and Cry,
I have faign'd some Deity;
Earth had never such;
Gold lies deep conceal'd in Earth,
Yet th' Industrious bring it forth;
Do you as much.

LOVES FREEDOM.

I.

I Understand not, fairest Lady, why
When I ask, you should deny;
When I once demand your Love,
That you for this should Coy and Peevish prove

I but claim what is my Due,
And what Nature bids you doe.
Then answer quickly, one or t'other,
If she will not, I'le take another.

II.

What though she speak the Musick of the *Spheare*
Charming every Ear that hears,
Did she drop from Heaven alone?
Or was she born? If born, there's more than one,
Let her Eyes obscure the Morn,
They grow cloudy when they scorn:
And better may become another
If she will not, I'le take the t'other.

III.

The Souls too blame, that freely ought to rove,
And to various Objects move,
To stop at ones Controul,
Like an aw'd Setter, when he scents the Foul;
If I see a Waist, or Eye,
I must needs enjoy or Die:
No, no, I'le go and view another,
And if she will not, take the t'other.
Such Ladies there be.

GOOD ADVICE.

I.

TO take in good part the ſqueeze of the *hand*
(The *language* of *Lovers* that dare not d
mand)
And when with another as cloſe and as hard,
You have made him believe there's nothing d
bar'd;
Then to tell him a Tale of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,
That you meant no ſuch thing, and play'd b
the Fool.
Faith--Madam, to undeceive ye,
For all your pretences,
And idle defences,
The World will never believe ye.

II.

The tread of the Toe to admit, and be free,
To anſwer again with a Toe-Repartee,
To expreſs with her Eyes her inward deſires;
And thus with falſe hopes to kindle his fires,
Yet after all this to wheedle demurely,
'Twas nothing of Love, but Civility purely;
Faith--Madam, to undeceive ye,
For all your pretences,
And idle defences,
The World will never believe ye.

II

III.

To let him enjoy the Amorous Bliſſes,
Of feeling your Breaſts, and paſſionate kiſſes;
And with the ſame paſſion to kiſs him again,
And make him believe you'l eaſe all his pain;
Yet after all this, your Lover to bauk,
For fear of the World, and the Peoples odd talk;
Faith-Madam, hear my ſhort Speech:
If he ask ye to do it,
Go privately to it,
And bid the World kiſs your Breech.

In Praiſe of EATING.

WHat a' Devil ail our Poets all?
For Drink, for Drink thus always to call,
And nothing goes down but drink;
Friends, whither are your Stomachs flown?
That you the noble Food diſown
Which better deſerves your Ink?

Food? I there's a ſubſtantial Word;
And it begets a ſubſtantial T——
That breeds Graſs for Cowes and Sheep:
The *Country Bumpkin* he comes for it,
And at Night it rideth in a Chariot,
When all Men are aſleep.

Alaſs for Drink, 'tis not worth your Meeter,
Drink makes Piſs, and Piſs makes *Salt-Peeter*,
That Murders and blows up the People;
You may drink Claret and have the Gout,
I'le eat and drink little, and go without,
And laugh at the Drunken Cripple.

Let Ladies the Exchanges range,
The *Shambles* ſhall be my Exchange,
Which I count a nobler place.
What do I care for pins or points?
Let me behold the ſolid Joynts
That keep up Humane Race.

The noble Sirloyns there do lie,
A Joynt well known to ſatisfie;
Though you feed ne're ſo fiercely,
And there you may ſee the Glorious Buttocks
Of many a Cow and many a Fat Oxe;
Oh how they taſt with parſley!

The Brisket muſt not be forgot,
'Tis Meat for a *Prince*, while it is hot,
If Cabbage do attend it;
Though if the Turneps be of Hackney,
I will not covet any Sack nigh,
To inſpire me to commend it.

Nor

Nor muſt we paſs the Leg of Mutton,
'Tis a noble diſh for any Glutton,
Although he rul'd an Empire,
With a Sea of *Anchouies* Sawce
Like *Delos* I'le do it embrace,
Or ſerv'd with *Capers* and *Samphire*.

Your *Veniſon-Paſty*, if well ſoak't,
If not, I wiſh the Cook were choak't,
What ſay you to ſuch Meat?
Capon's refus'd to let it go down,
It wiſdom gives to the Man oth' Gown,
Who will feed on't till he ſweat.

Who will not commend the high Soaring *Larke*?
Or a *Pidgeon Pye* worth three or four Marks,
With *Rabbets* Life-guarded about?
The *Woodcock*, *Partridge*, and the *Teal*,
The *Pheaſant* and *Turkey*, which the *Common-Weal*
Can never be without.

There be your Fricaſies and Haſhes,
Which are Contemn'd by none but Aſſes,
And Muſhromes, not for Carters,
With a thouſand more, too long to recount,
'Twould make my Song for to ſurmount
The three great Books of *Martyrs*.

Nor would I now advise any Man
For to extol the Glass or Can,
Lest he receive the Foil;
Should we compare them with *Pot* or *Kettle*,
Or *Ladle* or *Skimmer* of as good Mettle,
Or *Gridiron* fit to broyl.

Or with the Spit much us'd at Court,
Which *Vulcan* found out, bless him for't,
As Sing the learned *Attticks*.
And for the Jack, there is no Watch
Was ever able for to match
The Turn-broach *Mathematicks*.

Nor let the Men that drink *Paris* Wine,
Or Sack which I take to be more Divine,
Plead Wit or Inspirations;
Food has a more large Prerogative;
For by it all Professions live,
And it Multiplies the Nations.

The Man that drinketh all his *Life*,
What can he do unto his Wife?
Poor Soul, she rests in quiet:
But such a restless quiet 'tis,
That never ends till she doth Kiss
The Man that eats good Dyet.

The

The Crafty Politician,
Who with his Acts does all he can,
The Cellar doors to ſhut;
Muſt have his Boyl'd, his Bak'd, his Roaſt,
Nor will he ſpare for any coſt
To cram his Lawleſs Gut.

The ſerious Lawyer, who doth ſink
Out of his Pate full many a Quirk,
Refuſes all ſtrong Liquor;
But 'cauſe his Commons are ſo ſhort,
A *Clyents* Feaſt does him no hurt,
But makes him talk the Quicker.

Peace therefore, *Broom*, for Liquor ſo fierce,
The *Cooks* are angry at thy Verſe,
And ha' ſworn the Fidlers to Cripple,
If againſt next *Term* they ha' ne're a new Song
Which may to the praiſe of Food belong,
As well as to that of *Tipple*.

In Praiſe of WINE.

CEaſe to argue, for they err,
That ſententiouſly ſevere
Diſpraiſe the noble Wine:

'Tis

'Tis the Sober part of the World that is Mad,
Which, Musing and Sad,
Defames the Juice of the Vine.

Mezelaus, though a Prince,
Lov'd *Telemachus*, long since,
As *Homer* hath observ'd it; (hoss'd it,
For he gave him his Boul, though *Vulcan* Em-
Wherein they had toss'd it,
For having so well deserv'd it.

Had we seen the *Persian* Kings (springs
Crown'd with those Clusters, whence such
Of Frageant Wealth distill'd;
We had Jollity then beheld in her Throne,
While pleasures unknown,
Their Pleasures scarce fulfill'd.

They that feign'd the Gods Carowsing,
But now Charms for lusty bowsing
From high example sought,
Left Nature Surpriz'd to hear Gravity cant,
Should Arguments want,
To convince the Formal Coat.

Scarce to live may they be said,
Who, to Natures Bounty dead,
The Heavenly Cordial wast.

For

For the wilful neglect of their due to enjoy,
Is but to deſtroy
What Heaven allows the Taſt.

Turks forbid this pleaſing Cup,
Forfeit Heaven to drink it up,
And ſwill Abomination, (flow,
And their Conqueſts untill'd, where Nectar did
Moſt plainly do ſhow
Their Prophets Impolitick Paſſion.

Loyal Wine no *Treaſon* hatches,
But Inſpiring Odes and Catches,
Still provokes to new Delights.
But Food is the Rebel, and your Gluttons are they
That *Vulture*-like Prey
Upon their Princes Rights.

Give us then the happy Juice
That doth Wit and Mirth infuſe,
Which Mortals all admire; (the praiſe,
By whoſe Charms they have giv'n to *Bacchus*
But put to diſgrace
The ſilly Thief of Fire.

Upon Mr. VVADLOES *new* TAVERN *and* SIGN, *behind the* ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Behind! What then? So to enlight the Earth,
Phœbus himself *behind a Cloud* looks forth;
And while the Dolphins by his Chariot play,
Behind a Cloud he courts the Early Day;
Had it been plac'd in a more publick Skie,
The common Object would have cloy'd the Eye.
Now, Fame still courting Curiosity,
Strangers are led out of their way to see.
They come, and viewing a new Rising Sun,
Without th' *Assyrian Monarchs* Law, fall down.
The Flaming Cherub that drave Man and Wife
With so much Rigour from the *Tree of Life*,
Seems now appeased, while thy Flaming Sun
Directs Us where the Juice of Life doth run.
Had it but Age, no Artist but would swear,
Twas Old *Silenus* did the Fabrick rear,
To treat Victorious *Bacchus*, newly Crown'd,
And with his *Lybian* Trophies homeward bound.
View the Triumphal Entrance, that Invites
To all the several Scenes of brisk Delights.

Lucullus living, would have choſen here
To Banquet on his far applauded Chear.
How we aſcend, as if th' Aſcending Grace
Would teach our Minds our Feet's aſpiring Pace.
And well 'tis worth our while, t' Aſcend and ſee
Olympus in a *Room*'s Epitome.

Here at one time methinks I fairly view
Jove entertaining all the Heav'n-born Crew;
While they Carouſe in Bowls of Maſſie Gold,
Till neither Gods can ſee, nor Gods can hold.

Here at another time methinks I ſee
Th' *Emathian* Conquerour, ſwell'd with Victory,
Drowning his labour paſt in Cups of Wine,
Till worſe than Man, he thinks himſelf Divine;
While his great Leaders ſtill the ſport purſue,
And what their Foes could not, themſelves ſubdue.

Here at another time methinks are ſeen
Auguſtus Foe with the *Egyptian* Queen.
She chides ingrateful Love at firſt, but then,
All in a moment reconcil'd agen,
She feaſts him with a ſingle draught more worth
Then all the World beſides could then bring forth.

Such Feſtivals as theſe might well become
The Royal Grandeur of the Lofty Room:
A Room where every wealthy pleaſure raigns;
Can glut ye with the *Phœnicopters* Brains,
And with the Scaly Spoils of all the Sea's,
Exceeding *Baia*'s Store, the wanton pleaſe.

Nor

Nor is the ſight leſs charmed by the hand
Of noble *Fuller*, whoſe choice Labours ſtand
So lively wrought, ſo moving to the Eye,
As if not made for ſhew, but company.
But let us now deſcend, where all the Nine
Their Manſions keep by Hippocrenes of Wine.
Where Autumns Tribute brought from Lands remote,
Would make a Sea for *Delos* I'le to float.
The rich *Canary* that all Sects admire;
Claret and *White* that active heat inſpire,
As various in their taſts and fragrant hew,
As are the Soiles from whence the Cluſters grew.
The fat'ning *Malaga*, whoſe noble Juice
Does a plump Face and Roſie Cheek produce.
The ſtrong *High-Country*, and the *Florentine*,
That *Matchiavel's* the Fancy for Deſign.
Tent, *Alecant*, and luſcious *Maſcadel*,
Which they who labour hard by night love well.
Madera, and the *Sherry-Sack* ſo bright,
That whets the Sober Gownmans Appetite.
Wadlow, no more let *Egypts* Piles be nam'd,
Nor *Artemiſia* for a Tomb be fam'd;
Give me a *Mauſoleum*, ſuch as Thine,
Fraught with the wholſom wealth of luſty *Wine*;
A Stately Wonder, not to hide a Coffin,
But rear'd for honeſt Mirth to ſit and laugh in.
From whence the change of Dying is no other,
Than ſtreight from one *Olympus* to another.

A

A Brewer of Salisbury *having Buried his first wife, upon the Marriage of a second, was overperswaded to wrong the Children of the former, by converting the Settlements upon her Issue to the advantage of the latter. This the first Wife takes ill, and gets leave of* Satan *to walk, as they call it, for the relief of her injur'd Children. Her Applications to her Husband were fruitless, as one that at the same time had lying by his side a Mother in Law, that is to say, a Devil that was able to deal with a Devil. Thereupon she goes to an honest Godly Maiden Gentlewoman in the City, and frights her into the Solicitation of her Cause. The Virgin takes to her assistance a Minister or two of her acquaintance, by whose advice, you may be sure, she prov'd so successful in her Negotiation, that all differences between the Husband and his Conjugal Ghost were reconcil'd, and the Apparition departed in Peace. Which being an Accident so remarkable, was thought to be a proper Subject for the Ensuing Ballad.*

To the Tune *of the* Black-Smith.

I'Le tell you a story if it be true,
But look you to that, I am sure it is new,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.
Which no body can deny.

Some

Some Sages have written, as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monſtrous kind
To Friends and Relations left behind.
Which, &c.

That this is no tale I ſhall you tell,
A Lady there dyed, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as ſome expound well.
Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a ſound of much Woe.
Which, &c.

It was an a Lady that wept, and her weeping
Made *Satan* go from liſt'ning to peeping.
Quoth he what Slave hath this Lady in keeping?
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe, if of Woman you came,
Pity my caſe, and I'le tell you the ſame.
Quoth the *Devil* be quick in your ſtory *fair dame*.
Which, &c.

Quoth ſhe I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but appear, I ſhou'd change his mind.
Which, &c.

Fair

Fair Dame quoth the *Devil* are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints.
which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweethearts she had,
How many were good, and how many were bad,
The Devil began to think her stark mad.
which, &c.

And so she went on with the cause of the squable,
Beelzebub scratch't, and was in great trouble.
For he thought it would prove a two hours *Bubble*.
which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the Lilly black fist,
Nay then quoth the Devil, e'n do what you list.
which, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock and the Candles burnt blew.
which, &c.

Quoth she will you give my Children their Land?
Her Husband sweat you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand,
which, &c.

But having Recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he, You Jade, come again in this Place,
And *Faustus* his Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought otherways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul.
Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on
Most Gracious Madam, what would you have done?
I'le do it, although you'd have me a Nun,
Which, &c.

Then go to my Husband, and bid him do right
Unto my two Children, or else by this Light
I'le rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which, &c.

Tell him I'le hear no more of his Reasons,
I'le sit on his Bed and read him such Lessons
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompessons*.
Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
At which he replyed, I care not a T——
Which, &c.

For when she was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e're she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, consider my plight,
I am not able to keep out right,
Three waking Ministers every Night,
Which, &c.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,
Compassion straight his Fury allaid,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.
Which, &c.

When the Land as I said was convey'd to the (Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the Spirit with a tuneable *Voice*,
Which no Body can deny.

PHIL. PORTERS Farewell.

GOd People all, I pray give ear,
My Words concern ye much;
I will repeat a Hectors Life;
Pray God ye be not such.

There was a Gallant in the Town,
A brave and jolly Sporter;
There was no Lady in the Land,
But he knew how to Court her.

His Person comely was and tall,
More comely have been few Men,
Which made him well-Belov'd of Men,
But more Belov'd of Women.

Besides all this I can you tell,
That he was well endowed,
With many Graces of the Mind;
Had they been well bestowed.

He was as liberal as the Sun,
His Gold he freely spent,
Whether it were his own Estate,
Or that it were him lent,

For Valour, he a Lyon was,
I ſay a Lyon bold;
For he no Living Man did fear
That Sword in hand did hold.

And when that he with glittering Blade
Did e're Aſſail his Foes,
Full well I troe, they did not miſs
Their Belly full of Blows.

A *French* Man once Aſſaulted him,
And told him that he ly'd;
For which with Quart-Pot he him ſlew,
And ſo the *French* Man dy'd.

Three *Danes*, Six *Germans*, and Five *Sweedes*,
Met him in Lane of *Drury*;
Who cauſe they took of him the Wall,
He kill'd them in his Fury.

Upon his Body, well a day,
Full many a Scar he bore,
His Skin did look like Sattin Pink't,
With Gaſhes many a Score.

Oh had he loſt that Noble Blood,
For Country's Liberty!
Where could all *England* then have found
So brave a Man as He?

But woe is me, theſe Vertues great,
Were all ecclips'd with Vice,
Juſt ſo, the Sun that now Shines bright,
Is darkn'd in a Trice.

For he did Swagger, Drink and Game,
Indeed what would he not,
His Pſalter and his Catechize
He utterly forgot.

But he is gone, and we will let
No more of him be ſaid;
They ſay 'tis naught for to reveal
The Vices of the Dead.

Beſides we have ſome cauſe to think
That he may ſcape Tormenting;
For the Old Nurſe that watch'd with him,
Did ſay he dy'd repenting.

The Second part.

FArewel *Three Kings*, where I have ſpent,
Full many an idle hour;
Where oft I won, but never loſt,
If 'twere within my Power.

Wher

Where the Raw Gallants I did chouſe,
Like any *Rag-a-muffin*;
But now I'me ſick and cannot play;
Who'l truſt me for a Coffin?

Farewel my deareſt *Piccadilly*,
Notorious for great Dinners;
Oh what a *Tennis-Court* was there!
Alaſs! Too good for Sinners.

Farewel *Spring-Garden*, where I us'd
To piſs before the Ladies:
Poor Souls! Who'l be their Hector now?
And get 'em pretty Babies?

Farewel the Glory of *Hide-Park*,
Which was to me ſo dear;
Ah! Since I can't enjoy it more,
Would I were buried there.

Farewel tormenting Creditors,
Whoſe Scores did ſo perplex me;
Well! Death I ſee for ſomething's good,
For now they'l ceaſe to vex me.

Farewel true Brethren of the Sword,
All Martial Men and Stout;
Farewel dear Drawer at the *Fleece*,
I cannot leave thee out.

My time draws on, I now muſt go,
From this Beloved Light;
Remember me to pretty *Sue*,
And ſo dear Friends good Night;

With that on Pillow low he laid
His pale and drooping Head,
And ſtreight e're Cat could lick her Ear,
Poor *Philly* he was Dead.

Now God Bleſs all that will be Bleſt,
God Bleſs the Inn's of Courts;
And God Bleſs *D'Avenants Opera*,
Which is the Sport of Sports.

On the Death of JO. WRIGHT.

WHen rich Men dye, whoſe Purſes ſwe
With Silver and with Gold;
They ſtreight ſhall have a Monument,
Their Memories to uphold.

Yet all that Men can ſay of them,
They lived ſo unknown,
Is but to write upon their Tombs,
Here lieth ſuch a one.

Whe

When *Joseph Wright*, who died poor
(Though *Simon* was his Porter)
Shall Die as if he ne're had been,
And want his Worth's Reporter.

Full many a Can he often drank
In *Fleet-street* in the Cellar,
Yet he muſt unremember'd Die,
Like ſome baſe Fortune Teller.

He made the Ballad of the *Turk*,
And Sung it in the Street.
And ſhall he Die, and no Man heed it?
No, Friends, it is not meet.

He lived in a Garret high
Not much below the Steeple;
And ſhall he Die, alaſs poor *Jo*,
Unknown unto the People?

He had a Dog, his Name was *Trou*;
This Dog with him did lye;
Shall *Tobit* live for his Dogs ſake,
And *Jo.* neglected Die?

He had no Curtains to his Bed,
But yet for t'other Quart
Coyn he would find; and ſhall he Die
And no Man lay't to heart?

He

He hated all the Female Sex;
Who knew his private grudge;
And muſt he therefore Die forgot?
I leave the World to Judge.

Each Term he ask'd his Father Bleſſing,
On bended Knee demurely,
Who then did give him Shillings Ten,
And muſt he Die obſcurely.

No, *Jo*, I'le bid Peace to thy Bones,
Though they were ſick and crazie;
And muſt be quite made new again
Before that Heaven can raiſe thee.

And ſince thou'rt gone, and there is none
Who knoweth where to find thee,
I'le fix this Truth upon thy Name,
Thou didſt leave Wit behind the.

Wit that ſhall make thy Name to laſt,
When *Tarletons* Jeſts are rotten,
And *George-a-Green*, and *Mother Bunch*,
Shall all be quite forgotten.

Now if you ask where *Jo.* is gone
You think I cannot tell;
Oh he is Bleſt; for he was Poor,
And could not go to Hell.

But for his Father, rich in Bags,
The Devil ought to have him;
That took no care of ſuch a Son,
Till 'twas too late to ſave him.

The CLOAKS *Anſwer to the* POETS *Farewell.*

MAſter, if I may do you no wrong,
Since we have been Companions ſo long,
Let's not now part; can Friends love too long?

A Cloak, do ye ſay! You know I know
In times of Yore it was not ſo;
But now, how proud the Poets grow!

For they in times far paſs'd from hence,
With Oaken Leaves their Backs did fence,
For which th' have lov'd the Tree e're ſince.

As for the Muſes, I wo'nt flatter,
They to their Breeches ne're had Tatter,
Which made them always live i'th Water.

But

But you, that have a Cloak to hide
What want made them ſhow, in your pride,
Becauſe I'me only thin, muſt chide.

And here you tax me for a high fault,
That I am *Thred-bare*; is that my fault?
No Sir, for I will prove 'twas thy fault.

For you me laid on Bed full cloſe Sir,
But Coverlet was ſo ſhort you know Sir,
You ſcratch'd my Wool off with your Toes Sir.

But now for lightneſs you would fain
Divorce me, and a new one gain,
Good Turns forgetting more than Twain.

When you poor Son of *Polyhimny*,
Drank muddy Ale in dirty Chimney,
Your Landlady ſhe ſpoke full grim nigh,

Come Sir, your Cloak, or I'le Arreſt ye;
Then quo I, Woman, why ſo teſty?
Here take me off, and ſo releas'd ye.

Though thin as Tinder, never jeer Sir,
You know when Serjeant cries d' ye hear Sir,
A thin Cloak you may quickly tear Sir.

Some

Some call'd me *Eition*, who they were
I neither know nor do I care,
But Poets none I'me ſure they are.

For we read of one that had ſuch a thin Shroud
In Heaven (Men were not then ſo proud)
That Poets ſaid he was wrapt in a Cloud.

This Hero he was hight *Ixion*,
With Cloak ſo thin, you could hardly deſcry one,
Yet ventur'd he *Joves* Bed to lie on.

Though I am on, you do proteſt,
You walk in cuerpo when y' are dreſt,
Maſter, that's but a Thread-bare Jeſt.

A Brother in Zeal me next did Beſpatter.
But if he were hang'd, 'twere no great matter,
For his Charity would not bequeath ye a better.

And then for the Scholars that did abuſe me,
'Twas an Inſolent trick, the Devil refuſe me,
For of all Men they have leaſt cauſe to accuſe me.

Now *Blackwell-Hall* offends his ſight,
Yet were it his by morning light,
He'd pawn it all 'ere twelve at Night.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then to covet other Men's,
And for to make your Cloak amends,
Faith Maſter let's once more be Friends.

You muſt ſuppoſe it to be Eaſter *Holy-Days: A what time* Sifly *and* Dol, Kate *and* Peggy, Mo *and* Nan, *are marching to* Weſtminſter, *with Leaſh of Prentices before 'em; who go rowing then ſelves along with their right Arms to make more ha and now and then with a greaſie Muckend wipe away the dripping that baſtes their Foreheads. the Door they meet a crow'd of* Wapping *Seame* Southwark *Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the* Bank Side, *with a Butcher or two prick't in among the There awhile they ſtand gaping for the Maſter of t Show, ſtaring upon the Suburbs of their deareſt d light, juſt as they ſtand gaping upon the painted Cloa before they go into the Poppet Play. By and by th hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoyces their Hear like the ſound of the* Pancake-Bell. *For now t Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholdi ſuch a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of* Paradi *and by that time they are half got into the firſt Cha pel, for time is very pretious, he liſts up his Voice mong the Toombs, and begins his Lurrey in manne and form following.*

Her

HEre lies *William de Valence*
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his Monument *which you ſee,*
I'le ſwear upon a Book.

He was High Marſhal of *England,*
When *Henry* the 3*d.* did Raign,
But this you take upon my Word,
That he'l nere be ſo again.

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl,
Together with his Counteſs fair,
That was a moſt delicate Girl.

The next to him there lyeth one,
Sir *Richard Peckſhall* highte,
Of whom we only this do ſay,
He was a *Hampſhire* Knight.

But now to tell ye more of him,
There lies beneath this Stone
Two Wives of his and Daughters four;
To all of Us unknown.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurſt* there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*;
Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the ſeconds Queen,
And was King of *England.*

Sir

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*,
The ſame was *Suffolks* Dutcheſs.
Two Children of *Edward* the third,
Lie here *in Deaths cold Clutches.*

This is the third King *Edwards* Brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of Note, nor ſay they whether
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This ſame was *John of Eldeſton*,
He was no Coſtermonger,
But *Cornwal's* Earl; *And here's one Dy'd*
Cauſe he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutches of *York*,
And Duke of *Yorks* Wife alſo.
But Death reſolv'd to Horn the Duke;
She lies now with Death below.

The Lady *Ann Roſs*, *but wot ye well*
That ſhe in Childbed dy'd,
The Lady Marqueſs of *Wincheſter*
Lies Buried by her ſide.

Now think your Penny well ſpent good Folks;
And that you are not beguil'd.
Within this Cup doth lie the Heart
Of a *French Embaſſadors* Child.

But how the Devil it came to paſs,
On purpoſe, or by chance,
The Bowels they lie underneath,
The Body is in *Frantc*,

Dol. *I warrant ye the* Phariſees *carried it away.*

There's *Oxford* Counteſs, and there alſo
The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother,
And there her Daughter, a Counteſs too,
Lie cloſe by one another.

Theſe once were Bonny Dames, and though
There were no Coaches then,
Yet could they jog their Tailes themſelves,
Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. *Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other Women did, he*Raph R. *Oy, oy.*

But woe is me! thoſe high born Sinners
That wont to pray ſo ſtoutly,
Are now laid low, and cauſe they can't,
Their Statutes pray devoutly.

This is the Dutcheſs of *Somerſet*,
By name the Lady *Ann*,
Her Lord *Edward* the ſixt Protected,
Oh! He was a Gallant Man.

Tom. *I have heard a Ballad of him ſung at* Ratclif Croſs. Mol. *I believe we have it at home over our Kitchin Mantle-Tree.*

In this fair Monument which you ſee
Adorn'd with ſo many Pillars,
Doth lie the Counteſs of *Buckingham*
And her Husband Sir *George Villers.*

This old Sir *George* was Grandfather,
And the Counteſs ſhe was Granny,
To the great Duke of *Buckingham*,
Who *often topt King* Jammy.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scotch* Knight,
This Man was Secretary,
And ſcribl'd Compl'ments for two Queens,
Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Counteſs of *Lenox*,
Yclep'd the Lady *Marget*,
King *James*'s Grandmother, and yet
'Gainſt Death ſhe had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Whom Buchanan *doth beſpatter*,
She loſt her Head at *Totingham*,
What ever was the matter.

Dol. *How ca[illegible] ſhe here the[illegible]*
Will. *Why [illegible] ſilly Oofe cou[illegible] not ſhe [illegible] brought her[illegible] after ſhe [illegible] dead?*

The Mother of our Seventh *Henry*,
This is that lyeth hard by,
She was the Counteſs wot ye well
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
With his fair Queen beſide him,
He was the Founder of this Chappel,
Oh may no ill betide him.

Therefor[illegible]

Therefore his Monument's in Braſs,
Tou'l ſay that very much it ;
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*
There lieth with his Dutcheſs.

Rog. *I warrant ye, theſe were no ſmall Fools in thoſe days.*

And here they ſtand upright in a Preſs
With Bodies made of Wax,
With a Globe and a Wand in either hand,
And their Robes upon their Backs.

Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*
And the Dutcheſs his Wife ;
Him *Felton* Stabb'd at *Portſmouth* Town
And ſo he loſt his Life.

Two Children of King *James* theſe are,
Whom Death keeps very chary.
Sophia *in the Cradle lies,*
And this is the Lady Mary.

Beſs. *Good Woman pray ſtill your child it keeps ſuch a bawling, we cant hear what the man ſays.*

And this is Queen *Elizabeth,*
How the *Spaniards* did infeſt her ?
Here ſhe lies Buried, with Queen *Mary,*
And now agrees with her Siſter.

To another Chappel now come we,
The People follow and chat,
This is the Lady *Cottington,*
And the People cry, who's that ?

This is the Lady *Francis Sidney*,
The Countess of *Suffolk* was she,
And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is,
And then they look up and see;

Sir *Thomas Brumley* lyeth here,
Death would him not reprieve,
With his four Sons and Daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir *John Fullerton*,
And this is his Lady I trow,
And this is Sir *John Puckering*
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of *Bridgewater* in the middle,
Who makes no use of his Bladder,
Although his Lady lie so nere him,
And so we go up a Ladder.

Edward the first, that Gallant Blade,
Lies underneath this Stone,
And this is the Chair which he did bring
A good while ago from Scone.

In this same Chair till now of late,
Our *Kings* and *Queens* were *Crown'd*,
Under this Chair another Stone
Doth lie upon the Ground.

Kate. *He*
more pains,
I would
for a
Jack. Rafe.
I warrant
has been
Maydenhead
i' that

Tom. *Gad and I'le come hether and try one of these Days, an't be*
get a Prince.

On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep
Instead of a down Pillow,
And after that 'twas hither brought
By some good honest Fellow. Dol. *A Papish I warrant him.*

Richard the second lieth here,
And his first Queen, Queen *Ann*,
Edward the third lies here hard by,
Oh there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,
A Blade both true and trusty,
The *French* Men's Blood was here wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here lies he again with his Queen *Philip*,
A Dutch *Woman by Record*,
But thats all one, for now alas
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessour lies
Within this Monument fine,
Me sure, quoth one, a worser Tomb,
Must serve both me and mine.

Harry the fift lies there; and there
Doth lie Queen *Ellenor*,
To our first *Edward* she was Wife,
Which was more then ye knew before.

Henry the third lies there Entomb'd,
He was Herb John *in Pottage*,
Little he did, *but ſtill Raign'd on*,
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty ſix Years he Raigned King,
E're he the Crown would lay by,
Only we praiſe him cauſe he was
Laſt Builder of the *Abby*.

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?
Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter*,
And this his Countreſs is; to Die
How it perplexed her.

Dol. *Ay, ay, I pr... rant her; rich Fol... are as unwilling ... die as poor Folks.*

Here *Henry Cary*, Ld *Hunſdon* reſts.
What a noiſe he makes with his Name?
Lord Chamberlain was he unto
Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

Siſly. *That's ſhe ... whom our Bells ... ſo often, is it ...* Mary? Mol. *Ay, ... the very ſame.*

And here's one *William Colcheſter*
Lies of a Certainty;
An Abbot was he of *Weſtminſter*,
And he that ſaith no doth lie.

This is the Biſhop of *Durham*
By Death hear layd in Fetters,
Henry the ſeventh lov'd him well,
And ſo he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Bacchus*, what of him?
Poor Gentleman not a word,
Only they Buried him here; but now
Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphrey de Bohun, who though he were
Not Born with me i' the ſame Town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Eſſex*,
Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

He was High Conſtable of *England*,
As Hiſtory well expreſſes:
But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
Wee'r going up to the Preſſes.

And now the Preſſes open ſtand
And ye ſee them all arow,
But never no more is ſaid of theſe
Then what is ſaid below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
The Man goes firſt with a Staff,
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
That ſo the *Spaniards* curry'd,
Four Collonels ſupport his Tomb
And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* against the *Wall* with one
Is Major General *Norris*, (eye
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,
As is affirm'd in Stories.

Dick. *I warrant ye be ha two, if h could have be kept e'm.*

His six Sons there hard by him stand,
Each one was a Commander,
To shew he could a Lady serve,
As well as the *Hollander*.

And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,
Who was the Major General
To Sir *John Norris* that brave blade,
And so they go to Dinner all.

For now the Shew is at an end,
All things are done and said,
The Citizen pays for his Wife,
The Prentice for the Maid.

A NORTHERN BALLAD.

THere dwelt a Man in fair *Westmorland*,
Johnne Armstrong Men did him call,
He had neither Lands nor Rents coming in,
Yet he kept Eightscore Men in his Hall.

He had Horse and Harness for them all,
Goodly Steeds were all Milk white,
O! The Golden Bands an about their Necks,
And their Weapons they were all alike.

News then was brought unto the King,
That there was sick a Man as he,
That lived like a bold Out-law,
And Robbed all the *North* Countree.

The King he Writ an a Letter then,
A Letter which was large and Long;
He Signed it with his own hand
And he promised to do him no wrong.

When this Letter came *Johnne* untill,
His Heart was as blith as Birds on the Tree,
Never was I sent for before any King,
My Father, my Grandfather, nor none but me.

And

And therefore if we go the King before,
I would we went moſt orderly,
Every Man of you ſhall have his Scarlet Cloak
Laced with Silver Laces three.

Every one of you ſhall have his Velvet Coat,
Laced with Silver Lace ſo white,
O! the Golden Bands an about your Necks,
Black Hats and white Feathers, all alike.

By the Morrow Morning at ten of the Clock,
Toward *Edinborough* gone was he,
And with him all his Eightſcore Men;
Good Lord, an it was a goodly Sight to ſee.

When *Johnnee* came before the King,
He fell down on his Knee,
O Pardon my Soveraign Leige, he ſaid,
O Pardon my Eightſcore Men and Mee.

Thou ſhalt have no pardon thou Traytor ſtrong
Ne for thy Eightſcore Men nor thee,
For to Morrow Morning by ten of the Clock,
Both thou and them ſhall hang on the *Gallow tree*.

Then *Johnne* look'd over his left Shouldere,
Good Lord, what a grievous look, looked he!
Said he, asking Grace of a Graceleſs Face,
Why there is none for yee nor mee.

But *Johnne* had a bright Sword by his ſide,
And it was made of Mettle ſo free,
That had not the King ſtept his Foot aſide
He had ſmitten his Head from his fair Boddee.

Saying fight on my Merry Men all,
And ſee that none of you be ta'ne,
For rather then Men ſhall ſay we were Hang'd,
Let them report that we were Slain.

Then God wot fair *Edinborough* roſe,
And ſo beſet poor *Johnne* round,
That Fourſcore and ten of *Johnnee*'s beſt men,
Lay Gaſping all upon the Ground.

Then like a Madman *Johnne* laid about,
And like a Madman then fought he;
Until a falſe *Scot* came *Johnne* behind,
And run him thorough the fair Boddee.

Saying fight on, my Merry Men all
And ſee that none of you be ta'ne,
For I will ſtand by, and bleed but a while,
And then will I come and fight again.

News then was brought to young *Johnnee Arm-ſtrong*
As he ſtood by his Nurſes knee,
Who vow'd if he liv'd for to be a Man
On the Treacherous *Scot* revenged to bee.

The HUNTING *of the* GODS.

I.

SOngs of Sonnets and ruſtical Roundelays,
Forms of Fancies are whiſtl'd on Reeds,
Songs to ſolace young Nymphs upon Holydays:
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds,
Phœbus Ingenious,
With witty *Silenus*,
His haughty *Genius* taught to declare;
In Words better coyn'd,
And Verſe better joyn'd,
How Stars divined the Hunting the *Hare*,

II.

Stars enamour'd with Paſtimes Olympical,
Stars and Planets yet beautiful ſhone,
Would no longer endure that Mortal Men only
Should Swim in Pleaſures, while they but (look on
Round about horned
Lucina they Swarmed,
And her informed, how minded they were,
Each God and Goddeſs,
To take humane Bodies,
As Lords and Ladies, to follow the *Hare*.

III

III.

Chaſt *Diana* Applauded the Motion,
And Pale *Proſerpina* ſate in her place,
Which guides the *Welkin* and governs the *Ocean*,
Till ſhe conduct her Nephews in chaſe;
Till by her Example,
Their Father to trample,
The Earth Old and Ample, leave them the Air;
Neptune the Water,
And Wine *Liber Pater*,
And *Mars* the Slaughter, to follow the *Hare*.

IV.

Young God *Cupid* Mounted on *Pegaſus*,
Beloved of Nymphs, with Kiſſes and Praiſe,
Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucaſus*,
Mounted a Tentaur, which proudly him bare;
Poſtillion of the Skie,
Swift footed *Mercury*,
Makes his courſe fly, fleet as the Air,
Yellow *Apollo*,
The Kennel doth follow,
With whip and hallow, after the *Hare*.

V.

Young *Amintas* thought the Gods came to breath
After their Battel, themſelves on the ground,
Thirſis did think the Gods came here to dwell (beneath,
And that hereafter the World would go round,
Corydon aged,
With *Phillis* engaged,

Was

Was much enraged with Jealous Despair;
But Fury was faded,
And he was perswaded, (Hare
When he found they Applauded, the Hunting th

VI.

Cunning *Melampus*, and Fortunate *Lælaps*,
Trowler, and *Tyger*, and *Harper*, the Skies
Rend with Roaring while Hunter-like *Hercules*
Winds his plentiful Horn to their Cries.
Till with Varieties,
To Solace their Deities,
Their weary Pieties, refreshed were;
We Shepherds were seated,
Whilst we repeated,
How we conceited the Hunting the *Hare*.

VII.

Stars but Shadows were, Joys were but Sorrows
They without motion, these wanting delight;
Joys are Jovial, Delights are the Marrows
Of Life and Motion, the Axel of Might.
Pleasure depends,
Upon no other Friends,
But still freely lends to each Virtue a share;
Alone is Pleasure,
The measure of Treasure;
Of Pleasure, the Treasure is Hunting the *Hare*.

VIII.

Drowned *Narcissus* from his *Metamorphosis*,
Rowzed by *Ecchо* new Manhood did take:
And

And Snoring *Somnus* up ſtarted from *Cimmerie*,
The which this thouſand year was not awake,
To ſee club-footed
Old *Mulciber* Booted,
And *Pan* promoted on *Corydons* Mare;
Proud *Pallas* pouted,
And *Æolus* ſhouted,
And *Momus* flouted, yet followed the *Hare*.

IX.

Hymen Uſhers the Lady *Aſtrea*,
The Jeſt takes hold of *Minerva* the Old,
Ceres the Brown, with bright *Cytherea*,
With *Thetis* the Wanton, *Bellona* the Bold,
Shamfac't *Aurora*,
With witty *Pandora*,
And *Maia* with *Flora* did company bear:
But *Juno* was Stated,
Too high to be Mated,
Although ſhe hated not hunting the *Hare*.

X.

Three broad Bowls to th' Olympical Rector,
The *Troy*-born Eagle preſents on his Knee.
Jove to *Phœbus* carouſes in Nectar,
And *Phœbus* to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me;
Wherewith Infuſed,
I Piped and Muſed,
In Language unuſed, their ſports to declare,
Till the Houſe of *Jove*,
Like the Sphears round do move,
Health to all thoſe that love, *the Hunting the Hare*.

The

The HUNTERS SONG.

I.

LOng e're the Morn,
Expects the Return
Of *Apollo* from th' Ocean Queen;
Before the Creak
Of the Crow and the Break
Of the day, in the welkin seen,
Mounted he'd hallow,
And chearfully follow
To the Chace with his Bugle clear.
Eccho doth he make,
And the Mountains shake,
With the Thunder of his Career.

II.

Now bonny Bay
In his foine waxeth gray,
Dapple grey waxeth Bay in his blood;
White Lilly stops,
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black-Lady makes it good;
Poor silly *wat*
In this wretched State,

Forgets these Delights for to hear;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the Hounds
And the Musick of their Career.

III.

Hills with the heat
Of the Gallopers sweat,
Reviving their Frozen Tops;
The Dales purple Flowres,
That drop from the Showrs,
That down from the Rowels drops.
Swains their repast,
And Strangers their hast
Neglect, when the Horns they do hear;
To see a fleet
Pack of Hounds in a Sheet,
And the Hunter in his Career.

IV.

Thus he Careers
Over Heaths over Meers,
Over Deeps, over Downs, over Clay;
Till he hath won
The Noon from the Morn,
And the Evening from the Day.
His sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends
Home again to his Cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his Guests,
And Carouses in his Career.

The HUNT.

CLear is the Air, and the Morning is fair,
Fellow Huntſman come wind your Horn:
Sweet is the Breath, and freſh is the Earth,
That melteth the Rime from the Thorn.

The Flowers wax bright with *Apollo*'s light,
Newly ſprung from the Ocean Queen,
Where on a *forreſt plain*, may be ſeen a brave *game*,
Right fit of a Prince to be ſeen.

Fourteen Couple truly counted, of Hounds both
good and truſty,
And a Troop of Horſemen bravely Mounted on
Courſers ſwift and luſty,
Of Huntſmen ſo right, that clear were of ſight,
to ſhew the delight, the delight.
So hoe, hoe, ſo hoe, hoe, there ſhe ſits.

Then *Coridon* was frighted, his Lambs they were
ſo parted,
To hear how they did ſhout, they hallow'd and
they hoop'd,
While *Wat* before them Started,

With *halloe, halloe, halloe, halloe, halloe, halloe, With halloe* cry'd the Louder:
The Earth ne're bare a braver *Hare* that ran more ſtrong and prouder.

Swift as a *Roe* ſhe fairly hunts o're Mountains, Hills and Dales;
O're Meadows, Paſtures, and o're Fields, o're Lays and under Rails,
And then unto the Hunt ſhe gets, ſhe Winds the Furs and Plain,
And here and there ſhe runs, ſix Miles before ſhe turns again.

There might you ſee proud *Strawberry* run foaming hard to hold,
And *Peggy Brig* with all her tricks, 'tis pity ſhe was old;
Robin Redbreaſt, and *Shotten-Herring* amidſt the Jovial Crew,
Did top the Hounds upon the Downs while *Wat* was ſtill in view.

Mark how the Hounds and the Horns, and the Hounds and the Huntſmen loud do hallow.
While *Wat* with nimble Feet doth trip it o're the Downs, o're the Downs in all her fallow.
But *Wat* at the length ſhew'd them ſuch a trick,
That ſhe made them all to ſtand and to ſtick,
And to cry *Joller, Joller, ſo hoe*, &c. *Hei Joller there.*

So many Dogs, ſo many kinds,
So many Men, ſo many Minds;
Some ſtood ſtaring at the Head,
And ſome cry'd ſhe was forward fled:
But one among them all of Judgment ſmall,
In faith he knew that ſhe was Dead.
For a Shepherd croſt the Fields
With a Dog at his heels,
That ſwore guds-nigs her Blood was ſpilt.

Juno then came back, and compaſs wide did go
To ſee if ſhe could hit it in the Lands that l
below-a,
There ſhe try'd, and out ſhe cry'd with Mou
full deep and ſweet-a,
Which made them all on her to call, while *w*
away did creep-a.
Hark there *Juno*, *ſo hoe*, *ſo hoe*, *&c.* Juno there.

See, ſee, ſee, where ſhe goes, how ſhe turns ove
Juno and *Jupiter*, *Tinker* and *Troller*,
Sing-well and *Merry-boy*, *Captain* and *Cryer*,
Gingwell and *Gingle-bell*, *Fairmaid* and *Fryer*,
Beauty and *Bonny-Laſs*, *Tanner* and *Trouncer*,
Fomer and *Forreſter*, *Bonner* and *Bouncer*,
Gander and *Gundemore*, *Joller* and *Jumper*,
Tarquin and *Tamberlain*, *Thunder* and *Thumper*.

Ove

Over the Mountains and over the Vales,
Over the Fonntains and under the Rayls,
Through the Woods which are the thickeſt,
Which the *Silvans* obey,
O're the Dikes that are the deepeſt,
Puſs will find out the way.

But *Watt* grew faint and ſpent well nigh,
A little eaſe for charity; (Breath,
Stop the Dogs, ſtay the Hounds, give her more
We will ſee all her tricks before her Death.

But *Watt* grew faint and could no longer run,
Her ſtrength was ſpent, her Life was almoſt done,
And ſitting down ſhe ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
They whom I truſted did my truſt betray.

The SAYLORS and LAND-SOULDIERS SONG.

WE Seamen are the Bonny Boys
That fear no Storms nor Rocks-a,
Whoſe Muſic is the Canons noiſe,
Whoſe ſporting is with Knocks-a.

Mars has no Children of his own,
But we that fight on Land a,
Land-Souldiers Kingdoms up have blovvn,
And yet unshaken stand a.

'Tis brave to see a Ship to Sail
With all her trim geare on a,
As though the Devil vvere in her tayl,
She before the Wind vvill run a;

Our main Battalia when it moves,
There's no such glorious thing a,
Whose Leaders like so many *Joves*,
Abroad their Thunders fling a;

Come let us reck'n what Ships are ours,
The *Gorgon* and the *Dragon*;
The *Lyon* which in Fight is bold;
The *Bull* with Bloody Flag on.

Come let us reck'n what Works are ours,
Forts, Bulwarks, Barricado's,
Mounts, Gabions, Parapets, Countermures,
Case-mats, and Pallisado's.

The *Bear*, the *Dog*, the *Fox*, the *Kite*,
That stuck fast to the *Rover*,
They chas'd the *Turk* in a Day and Night
From *Scanderoon* to *Dover*.

Field Pieces, Muskets, Groves of Pikes,
Carbines and Canoneers a,
Squadrons, Half-Moons, with Ranks and Files,
With Fronts, and Van's, and Reers a.

A Health to brave *Land-Souldiers* all,
Let Cans a piece go round a;
Pell Mell lets to the Battel fall,
And lofty Musick sound a.

THE JOVIAL CREW.

GOod People give ear, while a Story I tell,
Of twenty black Tradesmen brought up in Hell,
On purpose Poor People to Rob of their due,
There's none shall be nooz'd if you find but one true,
The first was a *Coyner* that stampt in a Mould,
The second a *Voucher* to put off his Gold.
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall;
They are twenty Sworn Brethren Tradesmen all.

The third was a *Padder* that fell to decay,
And when he was living took to the High wa
The fourth is a *Mill-ken* to crack up a Dore,
He'l venture to Rob both the Rich and the Poor
The fift is a *Glasier* who when he creeps in,
To pinch all the Lurry he thinks it no Sin.
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall, &c.

The sixth is a *Foyl-cloy* that not one Hick spares,
And the seventh a *Budge* to track up the Stairs,
The eighth is a *Bulk* that can bulk an Hick
If the Master be napt, then Bulk he is Sick:
The ninth is a *Gimnie* to lift up a Grate,
If he see's but the *Lurry*, with his Hook he wi
Bait.
Then hark well, &c.

The tenth is a *Shop-lift* that carries a Bob;
When he Ranges the City the Shops for to Rob
Th' Eleventh's a *Bubber*, much used of late,
He goes to the Alehouse and there steals th
Plate.
The twelfth a *Trapan*, if a Cull he doth meet,
He naps all his Cole, and turns him i'th Street.
Then hark well, &c.

Th

The thirteenth a *Fumbler*, false Rings for to sell,
When a *Mobb* he has bit, his *Cole* he will tell;
The fourteenth a *Gamester*, if he see's the *Hick* sweet,
He presently drops down a Cog i' the Street,
The fifteenth a *Prancer*, whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse Coursing hee's noozed for all.
Then hark well, &c.

The sixteenth a *Sheep-napper*, whose Trade's so deep;
If he's caught i' the Corn, he's mark'd for a Sheep.
The seventeenth a *Dun-aker* that maketh his Vows
To go i' the Country and steal all their Cows.
The eighteenth a *Kidd-napper*, Spirits young Men,
Though he tip them the pike, they nap him agen.
Then hark well, &c.

The nineteenth a *Prigger* of the Cacklers,
Goes into the Country to visit the Farmers,
He steals their Poultrey and thinks it no Sin,
When into the Hen-roost at Night he gets in:
The twentieth a *Thief-Catcher*, so we him call,
If he nap a poor Tradesman, he pays for all.
Then hark well, &c.

There

There are many more Crafts-Men that I cou
name,
That uſe ſuch like Trades, yet think it no ſhu
Theſe may a poor Convert confeſs to his grief,
Are all the black Trades of a Gentleman Thie
Who though a good Tradeſman, is ſeldom m
free,
Till he Rides in a Cart to be Nooz'd in a Tree.
Then hark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall;
They are twenty Sworn Brethren Tradeſmen all.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

I Am a Rogue and a ſtout one,
A moſt couragious Drinker,
I do excel,
'Tis known full well,
The *Ratter*, *Tom*, and *Tinker*.
Still do I cry,
Good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Deneer Sir;
And bravely then at the Bouſing Ken,
I'le ſpend it all in Beer Sir.

If a Bung be got by the High-way,
Then ſtreight I do attend them,
For if Hue and Cry
Do follow, I
A wrong way ſoon do ſend them.
Still do I cry, &c.

Ten Miles unto a Market,
I run to meet a Miſer,
Then in a Throng,
I nip his Bung,
And the Party ne're the wiſer.
Still do I cry, &c.

My dainty Dolls and Doxies,
When e're they ſee me lacking,
Without delay,
Poor Wretches, they
Will ſet their Dads a packing.
Still do I cry, &c.

I pay for what I call for,
And ſo perforce it muſt be,
For yet I can
Not know the Man,
Or Hoſteſs that will truſt me.
Still do I cry, &c.

If any give me Lodging,
A courteous Knave they find me,
For in their Bed,
Alive or Dead,
Some Lice I leave behind me.
Still do I cry, &c.

If Gentre Folk be coming,
Then ſtreight it is our faſhion,
One Leg to tie
Cloſe to our Thigh,
To move them to Compaſſion.
Still do I cry, &c.

My Doublet ſleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder,
For Meat and Drink
Mine Arm I ſhrink
Up cloſe unto my Shoulder.
Still do I cry, &c.

If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I hie me,
For being Lame,
It is a ſhame
Such Gallants ſhould deny me,
Still do I cry, &c.

With a ſeeming Burſten Belly,
I look like one half dead Sir,
Or elſe I beg
With a Wooden Leg,
And a Night Cap on my Head Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

In Winter time ſtark Naked
I come into ſome City,
Then every Man,
That ſpare them can,
Will give me Cloaths for Pity.
Still do I cry, &c.

If ſtollen from the Low Countree,
I bear a Captains name Sir,
Then ſtreight I ſwear,
I have been there,
And ſo in Fight came Lame Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a String doth lead me,
When in the Town I go Sir,
For to the Blind,
All Men are kind,
And will their Alms beſtow Sir,
Still do I cry, &c.

With Switches some times stand I
At the bottom of a Hill Sir,
Where those Men which
Do want a Switch,
Some Money give me still Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a Horn Book,
Who buys my Pins and Needles,
In Cities I
These things do cry,
Oft times to scape the Beadles.
Still do I cry, &c.

In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes ye have me stand Sir,
With a Writ that shews
What Care and Woes
I pass by Sea and Land Sir.
Still do I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boasting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my self I will
Be praising still,
For Neighbours I have none Sir.

Which makes me cry,
Good your worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow a ſmall Deneer Sir,
And bravely then
At the Bouſing Keh
I'le ſpend it all in Beer Sir.

A WEST COUNTRY SONG, made when the KING was at PLYMOUTH.

I.

A Riddle, a Riddle mee Neighbour *John*,
Whore Ich chave late a been a'
le chave a been at *Plimouth*, Mon,
The leek was nere a zeen a.
uch Streets, zuch Men, zuch hugeous Zeas,
And Guns that kept a rumbling;
hy zel wa me, would bleſs to zee
Zuch bomination jumbling.

II.

he Streets orelayd with ſhindle ſtone,
Do gliſney leek the Zea a,

Brave

Brave ſhops ſtand open ole day long,
Chee think a Vare there be a.
And many a Gallant Man there goeth
In Gould that zaw the King a,
The King ſome zwear, himzel was thare,
A Mon, or zome zuch thing a.

III.

Amidſt the Zeas wore vleeing Board,
And wooden Houzes zwim a,
As vull of Goods, as Ich chave heard,
Wee Men up to the brim a.
They venter to another World,
Deſireing to conquere a,
Vor thair huge Guns are develiſh ones,
They dunder and ſpit Veer a.

IV.

Vool, thou that haſt no Water paſt,
But that below the Moore a,
To zee the Zea wouldſt be agaſt,
It does zo rage and roar a.
It is zo zolt, thy Tongue wou'd think,
The Veer wore in the Water,
It is zo wide, no Lond's eſpy'd,
Look nere zo long thereater.

V.

Thick Water vro the Element,
None can dizern bevore a,
It zeemeth low, yet ole day zay,
'Tis higher then the Moore a.

'Tis ſtrange how looking up the Cleves,
Men ſhou'd look downward rather,
And if that chad not zee't my zell,
Chad ſcarce beleev'd my Vather.

V. I.

Oh Neighbour *John*, how var is that?
Our mizen Tarr chill leave a,
Chil mop no longer there, that's vlat,
To waſh a Zheep or Zheer a;
Tho it zo var as *London* be,
Which is ton Mile che magin,
Chil thither hie, and thick place I
Chil hold in great indudgeon.

Little MUSGRAVE *and the Lady* BERNARD.

AS it fell one Holy-Day, hey down,
As many be in the Year,
When Young Men and Maids together did go,
Their Maſſes and Mattins to hear,

Little *Muſgrave* came to the Church dore,
The Prieſt was at Maſs,
But he had more mind of the fair Women,
Than he had of our Ladies Grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
The other was clad in pale,
And then came in my Lord *Bernards* Wife,
The faireſt among them all.

She caſt an Eye on Little *Musgrave*,
As bright as the Summer Sun,
And then bethought this Little *Musgrave*,
This Lady's Heart I have won.

Quoth ſhe, I have lov'd thee, little *Musgrave*,
Full long and many a day,
So have I loved you fair Lady,
Yet word I never durſt ſay.

I have a Bower at *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
Full daintily bedight,
If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little *Musgrave*,
Thou'ſt lig in mine Arms all Night.

Quoth he, I thank ye Lady fair,
This kindneſs you ſhew to me;
But whether it be to my weal or woe,
This Night will I lig with thee.

All this was heard by a little tiney Page,
By his Ladies Coach as he ran.
Quo he, though I am my Ladies Page,
Yet I am my Lord *Bernards* Man.

My Lord *Bernard* shall know of this,
Although I lose a Limb;
And ever whereas the Bridges were broke,
He laid him down to swim.

Asleep or wake thou Lord *Bernard*,
As thou art a Man of Life,
For little *Musgrave* is at *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
A Bed with thy none Wedded Wife.

If this be true, thou little tiney Page,
This thing thou tell'st to me,
Then all the Land in *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
I freely give to thee.

But if 't be a lie, thou little tynie Page,
This thing thou tell'st to me,
On the highest tree in *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
Then hanged shalt thou be.

He called up his Merry Men all,
Come Saddle me my Steed,
This Night must I to *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
For I never had greater need.

And some of them whistl'd, and some of them Sung,
And some these Words did say,

And ever when as the Lord *Bernards* horn blew
Away thou little *Musgrave* away.

Methinks I hear the Threſſel Cock,
Methinks I hear the Jay,
Methinks I hear my Lord *Bernards* Horn,
And I wou'd I were away.

Lie ſtill, lie ſtill thou little *Musgrave*,
And huggle me from the cold,
'Tis nothing but a Shepherds Boy
A driving his Sheep to Fold.

Is not thy Hawk upon the Pearch?
Thy Steed eats Oats and Hay?
And thy fair Lady in thine Arms?
And would'ſt thou be away?

With that my Lord *Bernard* came to the Door
And lighted upon a Stone;
He plucked out three Silver Keys,
And open'd the Dores each one.

He lifted up the Coverlet,
He lifted up the Sheet;
How now, how now, thou little *Musgrave*,
Doeſt find my Lady ſo ſweet.

ind her ſweet, quoth Little *Musgrave*,
The more 'tis to my pain,
would gladly give thee three hunder'd pound,
That I were on yonder Plain.

riſe, ariſe, thou little *Musgrave*,
And put thy Cloathes on,
ſhall nere be ſaid in my Countree,
That I killed a Naked Mon.

ave two Swords in one Scabberd,
Full deer they coſt my Purſe,
nd thou ſhalt have the beſt of them
And I will have the worſe.

he firſt ſtroke that little *Musgrave* ſtruck,
He hurt Lord *Bernard* ſore;
he next ſtroke that Lord *Bernard* ſtruck,
Little *Musgrave* ne're ſtruck more.

ith that beſpake the Lady fair,
In Bed whereas ſhe lay,
though th'art dead, thou little *Musgrave*,
Yet I for thee will pray.

d wiſh well to thy Soul will I,
So long as I have Life.
will I not do for thee *Bernard*,
Though I am thy Wedded Wife.

He cut her Paps from off her Breasts,
Great pity it was to see,
Some drops of this fair Ladies Heart Blood,
Ran trickling down her Knee.

Wo worth you, wo worth, my Merry Men all
You ne're were born for my good;
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When you see me wax so wood?

For I have Slain the bravest Sir Knight,
That ever Rode on a Steed;
So have I done the faireſt Lady,
That ever did Womans deed.

A Grave, a Grave, Lord *Bernard* cry'd,
To put these Lovers in,
But lay my Lady o' th' upper hand,
For she came o' the better Kin.

The MILLER and the KINGS DAUGHTERS.

THere were two Sisters, they went a playing,
with a hey down, down, a down, down a,
To see their Fathers Ships come Sayling.
with a hey down, down, a down, down a.

And when they came unto the Sea brim,
with, &c.
The Elder did push the Younger in.
with, &c.

Oh Sister, oh Sister, take me by the Gown,
with, &c.
And draw me up upon the dry ground.
with, &c.

Oh Sister, oh Sister that may not be,
With, &c.
Till Oat-meal and Salt grow both on a Tree.
With, &c.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
With, &c.
Untill she came unto the Mill Dam.
With, &c.

The Miller ran hastily down the Clift,
With, &c.
And up he took her without any Life.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Breast Bone?
With, &c.
He made him a Viol to play thereupon.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Fingers so small?
With, &c.
He made him Pegs to his Viol withal.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Nose ridge?
With, &c.
Unto his Viol he made him a Bridge.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Veins so blew?
With, &c.
He made him strings to his Viol thereto.
With, &c.

Wh

What did he do with her eyes ſo bright?
with, &c.
Upon his Viol he playd at firſt ſight.
with, &c.

What did he do with her Tongue ſo rough?
with, &c.
Unto the Viol it ſpoke enough.
With, &c.

What did he do with her two Shins,
with, &c.
Unto the Viol they danc't *Moll Symns*,
With, &c.

Then he beſpake the Treble ſtring,
with, &c.
O yonder is my Father the King;
with, &c.

Then he beſpake the ſecond ſtring;
with, &c.
O yonder ſits my Mother the Queen:
With, &c.

And then beſpake the ſtrings all three,
with, &c.
O yonder's my Siſter that drowned Me,
With, &c.

Now

Now pay the Miller for his pain,
with, &c.
And let him go i' the Devil's Name,
With, &c.

The WEST-COUNTRY BATCHELORS COMPLAINT.

O Mother chave been a Batchelour,
This twelve and twanty yeare,
And Ize have often been a wooing
And yet ch'am never the nere.

Jone Grumbal shee'l ha none a me,
Ize look so like a Lout,
But i' vaith cham as proper a Man as she,
Zhee need not be so stout.

She zays, if Ize cou'd Daunce and Sing,
As *Thomas Miller* con,
Or cut a cawper, as little *Jack Talour*,
Oh how zhee love me thon.

But zoft and vair, chee'l none of that;
I' vaith, cham not zo nimble,
The Taylour has nought, to trouble his thought
But his Needles and his Thimble.

O Zon, th' art of a lawful Age,
And a jolly tidy Boy,
Ize have thee try her once again,
Zhee can but zay thee nay.

Then O gramorcy Moother
Chee'l get a good vace o' the matter.
Chel dreſs up my Zell as vine as a Dog,
And Ize have a vreſh bout at her.

Virſt thon chil but on my Zonday Parrel,
That's lac't about the Guarters,
With a pair of Buckrum Zlops,
And a vlaunting baire of Garters,

With my Sword dy'd vaſt to my zide,
And my Granvathers dudgin Dagger,
And a Beacocks Veather in my Gop,
Thon O how Ize zhall zwagger.

Nay take thee a Lockrum Napkin, Zon,
To wipe thy znotty Noze.
'Tis no matter vor that, ch'il znort it out,
And vlurt it athwart my Cloathes.

Uds

Ulds bodikins, nay voy away,
I prethee Zon do not zo,
Be mannerly, Zon, till thou conſt tell
Wither zhee'l ha thee or no.

But Zirrah Mother, hark a while,
Who's that that comes ſo neer?
Vaith 'tis *Jone Grumbal*, hold thy Peace,
Vor vear that ſhe do hear.

Nay on't be zhee, chi'l dreſs my Words
In zuch a Sgolards grace,
But virſt of all ch'il waſh my hands,
And lay them athwart her Vace.

Good morrow my Honey, my Sugar Candy,
My little bretty Mouſe,
Che hops thy Vather and Moother be well,
At home, at thine own Houſe.

Ich' am azham'd to ſhew my mind,
Ch'am zure thou knowſt my Errant,
Zome zain, *Jugg*, that I mun ha thee.
At leiſure, Sir, I warrant.

You muſt, Sir Clown, is for a King,
And not for zuch a Mome,
You might have ſaid, by're leave fair Maid,
And left your *Muſt* alone.

Ich

Ich am no more a Clown, that's vlat,
Ch'am in my Zunday Parrel;
Ich came for love, and I pray ſo take't,
Che hope ye will not guarrel.

O *Robin* doſt thou love me ſo well?
I vaith, Abomination:
Why then you ſhou'd have fram'd your words
Into a finer faſhion.

Vine Vaſhions, and vine Zpeeches too,
As Sgollard Vokes con utter,
Ch'ad rather zpeak but two words plain
Thon haulf a zgore and ztutter.

Chave Lond, chave Houſes, twa vat Beaſts,
That's better thon vine Zpeeches.
'Tis a ſign that Fortune favours Fooles
She lets them have ſuch Riches.

Hark how ſhe comes upon me now,
Ize wiſh it be a good zine.
He that will ſteal any Wit from thee
Had need to riſe betime.

The LANCASHIRE SONG.

IN *Lancaſhire*, where I was born,
And many a Cuckold bred;
I had not been Marryed a quarter of a Year,
But the Horns grew on my Head.
With hei the Toe ben, and hie the Toe bent,
Sir Piercy *is under the Line;*
God ſave the good Earl of Shrewsbury,
For he's a good Friend of mine.

Doncaſter Mayor, he ſits in a Chair,
His Mills they merrily go,
His Noſe, it doth ſhine, with drinking of Wine
The Gout is in his great Toe.

But he that will fiſh for a *Lancaſhire* Laſs,
At any time or tide,
Muſt Bait his Hook with a good Eg Pie,
And an Apple with a red ſide.

He that Gallops his Horſe on *Blackſtone-edge*,
By chance may catch a fall,

My Lord *Mounteagles* Bears be Dead,
His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At *Shipton* in *Craven* there's never a Haven,
Yet many a time fowl weather,
He that will not lie a fair Woman by,
I wish he were hang'd in Leather.

My Lady has lost her left Leg hose,
So has she done both her shoon;
She'l earn her Breakfast before she rise,
She'l lie else a Bed till Noon.

Joane Molton's Cross is of no force,
Though many a Cuckold go by;
Let many a Man do all that he can,
Yet a Cuckold he shall die.

The good Wife o' the Swan has a Leg like a Man;
Full well it becomes her Hose;
She jets it apace with a very good grace,
But falls back at the first close.

The Prior of *Cour-tree*, made a great *Pudding-pie*,
His Monks cry'd Meat for a King;
If the Abbot of *Chester*, do die before *Easter*,
Then *Banbury* Bells must Ring.

He that will a *Welch* Man catch,
Must watch when the Wind's i' the South;

And

And put in a Net, a good piece of Roaſt Chee
And hang it cloſe to his Mouth.

And *Lancaſhire*, if thou be true,
As ever thou haſt been;
Go ſell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,
And cry God ſave the Queen.

The LEATHER BOTTEL.

NOw God alone that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein,
The Ships that in the Sea do Swim
To keep our Foes from coming in,
Then every one does what he can
All for the good uſe of Man.
And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That firſt invented the Leather Bottel.

Now what d' ye ſay of Cans of wood,
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good;
For when a Man for Beer doth ſend,
To have them full he doth intend;
The Bearer ſtumbles by the way,
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay;

Then doth the Man begin to Ban,
And Swears 'twas long o' th' Wooden Can,
But had it been a Leather Bottel
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,
And ſafe therein the Drink would remain,
Untill the Man got up again.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What do you ſay to Glaſſes fine,
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
For when a Man's at Table ſet;
And by him ſeveral ſorts of Meat,
The one loves Fleſh the other Fiſh;
Then with your hand remove a Diſh,
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is broke and naught left in,
The Table-Cloath though ne're ſo fine,
Is foyl'd with Beer, or Ale or Wine,
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe,
A Servant may his Maſter loſe.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to the Handled Pot,
No praiſe of mine ſhall be his Lot,
For when a Man and Wife's at ſtrife,
As many have been in their Life,
They lay their hands upon it both,
And break the ſame, although they're loth;
But woe to them ſhall bear the guilt,
Between them both the Liquors ſpilt;

For which they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away;
But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,
One might have tugg'd, the other have held,
Both might have tugg'd till their Hearts ſhould (break
No harm the *Leather Bottel* could take.
Then I wiſh, &c.

What ſay you to Flagons of Silver fine?
Why faith, they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
For when a Lord for Sack doth ſend,
To have them fill'd he doth intend;
The Man with the Flagon runs away,
And never is ſeen after that day,
The Lord then begins to Swear and Ban,
For having loſt both Flagon and Man;
But had it been either Page or Groom,
With a *Leather Bottel* it had come home.
Then I wiſh, &c.

And when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold,
Out of the ſide you may cut a Clout
To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;
Then hang the reſt upon a Pin,
Twill ſerve to put old Trifles in;
As Candles ends, and Awls and Rings,
For young Beginners have ſuch things.
Then I wiſh his Soul in Heaven may dwell,
That firſt deviſed the Leather Bottel.

The

The New found S P A W.

WEe'l go no more to *Tunbridge* Wells,
The Journey is too far,
or ride in *Epſome* Wagon, where
Our Bodies jumbled are;
ut wee'l to the *Weſt Wood* Water's go,
The beſt that 'ere you ſaw,
nd we will have them henceforth call'd,
The *Kentiſh new found S P A W.*
engo Lords and Ladies what e're you ail,
Go thither all that pleaſes,
r it will cure you without fail
Of old and new Diſeaſes.

you would know how it was found,
The truth I cannot tell,
me ſay it was by Doctor *Trigg*,
And ſo became a Well.
thers affirm his Patient
Which did much pain endure,
ent thither and waſh'd a feſter'd Soar
And had a perfect Cure.
engo, &c.

Thither the Country People thick
By Day and eke by Night;
And for to fill their Bottles full,
They ſcramble, ſcratch and fight,
But when the Gentry thither come,
And others of Faſhion,
There is preſented unto them
A fine Accommodation.
Then go, &c.

Joane's Hole was the firſt was digg'd,
My *Ladies* was next after;
When you are there, you'l hardly taſt
Which is the better Water.
For ſo it is, that my *Lady's* Hole
Is digg'd ſo nere to *Joane*,
That if the People be too rude
They'l break both Holes int' one.
Then go, &c.

Ladies may there their Bodies cleanſe
By Stool and Urine too,
'Twill make you have a Stomack to't
Whether you will or no.
There you may skip behind a Buſh
A fitting place to find,
'Twill make you ope and ſhut your Purſe
Before and eke behind.
Then go, &c.

If I ſhould tell you it would cure
Each Malady and Grief,
Perhaps you'd be like other Men
Or People paſt belief.
Therefore I pray, if you think fit,
Go thither all and try,
And when you have approv'd of it,
You'l ſay as much as I.
Then go Lords and Ladies what e're you ail,
Go thither all that pleaſes,
For it will cure you without fail
Of old and new Diſeaſes.

TUNBRIDGE *WELLS.*

YOu Maidens and Wives and young Widows rejoyce,
Declare your Thankſgiving with Heart and with Voice;
Since Waters were Waters I boldly dare ſay,
There ne're was ſuch cauſe for a Thankſgiving Day;

For from *London* Town
Are lately come down,
Four able Physicians that never wore Gown,
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is larg
And you may be cur'd without danger or cha

No *Bolus*, no Vomit, no Potion or Pill,
Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill,
Your Taste or your Stomach need ever displea
If you'l be advis'd but by one of these;
For they have a new Drug
Which is call'd the close Hug,
Which will mend your Complexion, and ma
you look smug,
A Soveraign Balsom, which once well apply'
Though griev'd at the Heart, the Patient ne
Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be Robb'd of yo
Rest,
For in your warm Beds, your Physick wor
best,
And though in the taking some stirrings requir
The Motions so pleasant you need not be tyr'd
On your Back you must lie
With your Buttocks rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors must always be by,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold, all Physic doth harm.

Besi

Before they do venture to give their direction,
They always conſider'd their Patients Complexion;
If ſhe have a moiſt Palm or a Red Head of Hare,
She requires more Phyſic than one Man can ſpare:
If ſhe have a long Noſe,
The Dee'l ſcarce knows
How many handfuls muſt go to her Doſe,
You Ladies that have ſuch ill Symptoms as Theſe,
In Reaſon and Conſcience ſhould pay double Fees.

But that we may give theſe Doctors due praiſe,
Who to all ſorts of People their favours conveighs,
To the Ugly for Pities ſake skill ſhall be ſhewn,
And as for the handſom, they're Cured for their own.
On your Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes ſo freely they ſcorn ſhould be ſold:
Then joyn with theſe Doctors, and heartily pray,
Their Power of Healing may never decay.

The MAIDENS Longing.

A Maiden of late,
Whose name was sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Alderſgate*;
Now liſt to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a *Child*, without help of a *Man*.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of great Fame.
Whose deep skill in Physic Report did proclaim,
Quoth she Mr. Doctor shew me, if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then liſten, quoth He,
Since so it muſt be,
This wondrous strange Medcin I'le shew presentlee,
Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall *Conceive* without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well Parboy'ld together in the Skin of a Hog,
With

With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of Falſe Harlots,
The Faith of falſe Varlets,
With the truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobſter well Fry'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the Blaſt of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With Eight Quarts of Brimſtone Brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-ſtones well Bak'd in a Pan,
And you ſhall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Medcins are good,
And Approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood
Squeez'd from a Grashopper and the Nail of
Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of
Man.

The EPIDEMICAL DISEASE

BRight *Cinthia* scorns
Alone to wear Horns,
To her Sexes Grief and Shame;
But swears in despight
Of the Worlds great Light,
That Men should wear the same.

The Man in the Moon,
To hear this in a Swoon,
And quite out of his Wits fell,
And with this Affront,
Quoth he, a Pox on't,
My Forehead begins to swell.

Awa

Away straight he wou'd
In his Lunatic Mood,
And from his Mistress he run;
And swore in his heat
Though Stew'd in his Sweat,
He had rather go live in the Sun.

But he was Appeas'd
To see other Men pleas'd,
And none that did murmur or mourn;
For without affright,
Each man with delight
Did take to himself the Horn.

The Lord he will go
In his Park, to and fro,
Pursuing the Deer that is Barren;
But while he's in his Park,
His Steward or Clark
May boldly go Hunt in his Warren.

The *Citizen Clown*
In his Fox furr'd Gown,
And his Doublet fac't with Ale,
Talks slow and drinks quicker,
Till his Wife, like his Liquor,
Leaves Working, and relishes Stale.

Loe thus she Behorns him,
And afterwards scorns him
Though he comes to be Mayor of the Rout,
And thinks it no Sin
To be well Occupy'd within,
While her Husband is busied without.

The *Puritan* will go
Ten Miles to and fro,
To hear a Sanctify'd Brother;
But while his Zeal burns
His Wife she up turns
The Eggs of her Eyes to another.

The Lawyers to succour 'em
With *Parchment* and *Buckrum*,
To *London* next way will strike;
But while he open's his case
To his Adversaries Face,
His Wife to her Friend doth the like.

The Physician will Ride
To his Patient that dy'd
Of no Disease, but that he did come;
But while abroad he doth Kill
With Potion and Pill,
His Wife takes a Glister at home.

The Merchant o'reruns
The Sea with his Guns,
His Mariners and their Mates;
But while he takes his eaſe
Upon the *Broad Seas*,
Another Man rides in his *Streights*.

The Souldier will go,
Like a Man to his Foe,
With brave Reſolution to Fight;
While his Wife with Friends
Her time merrily ſpends
And makes him a Beaſt by Night.

And though that he be
Well Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*,
He muſt yield to a Naked Boys ſcorn,
'Stead of Iron and Steel
His Forehead to ſhield,
He muſt be content with the Horn.

Thus all Men muſt love
Their Wives though they prove
Falſe, even in their own Sight;
And indeed they do well
For a Horn, you can tell
Was always a Friend to the Night.

The FEMALE SCUFFLE.

OF late in the Park, a fair Fancy was ſeen
Betwixt an Old *Baud* and a Luſty young *Queen*,
Their parting of Money began the Uproar,
I'le have half ſays the *Baud*, but you ſhan't ſay
the *Whore*;
Why 'tis my own Houſe,
I care not a Louſe;
I'le ha' three parts of four, or you get not a Souſe.

'Tis I ſays the *whore* muſt take all the pains,
And you ſhall be damn'd e're you get all the gains;
The *Baud* being vex'd, ſtraight to her did ſay,
Come off wi' your *Duds*, and I pray pack away.
And likewiſe your *Ribands*, your *Gloves* and your *Hair*,
For naked you came, and ſo out you go bare.
Then *Buttocks* ſo bold
Began for to Scold;
Hurry dan was not able her *Clack* for to hold.

Both

oth *Pell Mell* fell to't, and made this Uproar,
Vith theſe Complemens, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore*,
he *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that lived there round
ame all to the Caſe, both *Pockey* and *Sound*;
o ſee what the reaſon was of this ſame Fray,
hat did ſo diſturb them before it was Day.
If I tell you amiſs,
Let me never more Piſs,
his *Buttock* ſo bold ſhe named was *Siſs*.

y *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three pound ſhe had got,
nd but one part of four muſt fall to her Lot;
et all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
nleſs ſhe will yield to return her half ſhare,
ſhe will not wee'l help to ſtrip of her Cloths,
nd turn her abroad with a ſlit o' the Noſe.
Who when ſhe did ſee
There was no Remedee,
or her from the Tyrannous *Bauds* to get free,
he *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,
nd in the Concluſion the *Baud* got the Field.

The

The MAID and the JOYNER.

THere was a fair Maiden came out of *Kent*;
To be kiſs't by a Joyner was her intent:
To be kiſs't, &c.

I have a Job of Work for you to do,
To make my Bed go to jigg-a-jogg-go.
To make, &c.

And when wou'd you have this Job of Work done?
By the Faith of my Body, as ſoon as you con.
By the Faith, &c.

When this Job of Work it was thoroughly done,
Then he layd the Fair Maiden thereupon.
Then he layd, &c.

He knock'd in a Pin, where a Pin ſhould be,
Which made the Bed go to jigg-a-jogg-gee.
Which made, &c.

Straigh

Streight in the Old Mother came full of woe,
With oh fie, Daughter, why do you do so?
With oh, &c.

Since it must be done, why then not he,
That could make my Bed go to jigg-a-jogg-gee?
Then could, &c.

The HOBGOBLIN.

A Young Man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one Night,
He had no sooner lay'd him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite;
So vigorously the Spirit stood,
Let him do what he can.
Sure then he say'd
It must be lay'd
By Woman, not by Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
And into the Bed she leap't,
And to allay the Spirits Power,
All close to him she crept,

She having ſuch a Guardian care,
Her Office to diſcharge,
She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her Office ſhe did well perform,
Within a little ſpace;
Then up ſhe roſe, and down he lay,
And durſt not ſhew his Face.
She took her leave and away ſhe went
When ſhe had done the Deed;
Saying, if 't chance to come again,
Then ſend for me with ſpeed.

JOCKEY and JENNY.

DEar *Jockey's* gon to the Wood
Dame *Jenny* ſhe's gon twa;
Dear *Jockey* would court a good,
Dame *Jenny* ſays him nay.
Dame *Jenny*, my Deareſt Love,
Prithee *Jenny*, fancy me,
Thou ar't the Blitheſt Bonnieſt Girl,
And the feateſt Laſs,
That *Jockeys* Eyn e're ſeen.

When *Jockey* had woo'd her thus,
She ſaid, prithee forbear;
Thou *Jockey* ar't falſe, I fear,
And *Jenny* wou'dſt enſnare.
Dear *Jenny* believe it not,
That thy *Jockey* is untrue.
For I do Swear by all that's good
In this pleaſant Wood,
And by my Bonnet blew.

Why ſhou'd I not now believe,
When *Jockey* dear does ſwear
By's *Bonnet*, and aw that's good
That e're *Jockey* ſhall wear.
Then let us gang heam my Dear
And be merry there awhile;
Heartily love thee, my Joy,
Thou ar't the only Boy,
On whom thy *Jenny* ſhall ſmile.

The COUNTRY COURSE COMPLEMENT.

ADs zours, my dear *Jone*,
When I meet thee alone,
'Tis then my design for to buss thee;
By my Vathers old Shoon
And the light of the Moon,
Ize zwear thou'z zhalt not be crusty.

No, if I should touze thee,
And lustily rouse thee,
Nay though I should clap thy black Hole,
Fir I tell thee ud's foot,
'Tis for love o' thy Scutt,
Which resembles a Cat or a Cole.

Which makes me design
For to make my self thine,
For I long for a snatch at the same,
Then let thy Black Cat
So bemumble my Rat,
That we ne're may repent the Old Game.

NOTHING.

I'Le ſing ye a Song that ne're was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'le tell you before hand you'l find *Nothing* in't.

On *Nothing* I think, on *Nothing* I Write,
'Tis *Nothing* I court, yet *Nothing* I *ſlight*,
For care I a Pin if I get nothing by't.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and Men,
Did ſtart out of *Nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And *all Things* ſhall turn into *Nothing* agen.

'Tis *Nothing* ſometimes makes many things hit,
As when Fools among Wiſemen ſilently ſit,
A Fool that ſays *Nothing* may paſs for a Wit.

Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
And thinks to gain her with Sighs and Soothing
Moſt frequently makes much adoe about *Nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is betray'd
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But she that has *Nothing* must needs be a Maid.

Your slashing and clashing, and flashing of Wit
Doth start out of *Nothing* but Fancy and Fit,
'Tis little or *Nothing*, what e're has been Writ.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then *Something* got *Nothing*, and *Nothing* got all
From *Nothing* it came, and to *Nothing* it shall.

The Party that Seal'd to a Covenant in haste,
Who made our three Kingdoms and Church a
waste,
Their Project and all came to *Nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of Horse and Foot
To tumble down Monarchy Branch and Root,
They Thunder'd and Plunder'd, yet *Nothing*
wou'd do't.

In several Factions we fight and Brawl,
Dispute and Contend, and to fighting we fall
I'le lay all to *Nothing* that *Nothing* win's all.

The Wisest great Prince were he never so stout
Though he Conquer the World and give Mankind a Rout,
Did bring *Nothing* in, and shall bear *Nothing* out.

The

The nimble Tong'd *Lawyer* that pleads for his pay,
When Death shall arrest him and bear him away,
At the General Barr will have *Nothing* to say.

If any Man tax me for weakness of Wit,
And say that on *Nothing*, I *Nothing* have Writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo Nihil fit.*

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very Word *Nothing* shall give it a fall,
For Writing of *Nothing*, I comprehend *all.*

Let every Man give the Poet his due,
Cause then 'twas with him, as now 'tis with you,
He study'd it when he had nothing to do.

This very Word *Nothing*, if took the right way,
May be of advantage; for what wou'd you say,
If the *Vintner* should cry there's *Nothing* to pay.

The New NOTHING.

I.

NOthing, thou Elder Brother ev'n to ſhade,
Thou had'ſt a being, e're the World was made,
And (well fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

E're Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When *Primitive Nothing*, Something ſtreight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great United — What?

III.

Something, the General Attribute of All,
Sever'd from thee it's ſole Original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt, undiſtinguiſh'd, fall.

IV.

Yet *Something* did thy Mighty Power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſſes hand,
Snatch'd *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Birds*, *Fire*, *Air* and *Land*.

V. *Matter*,

V.

Matter, the wicked Off-spring of thy Race,
By *Form* Assisted, flew from thy embrace,
And *Babel* light obscur'd thy *Reverend dusky Face.*

VI.

With *Form* and *Matter*, *Time* and *Place* did joyn,
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoyl thy *peaceful Realm*, and ruine all thy *Line.*

VII.

But *Turn-coat Time* assists the Foe in vain,
And brib'd by thee, assists thy short liv'd *Raign*,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy
Slaves again.

VIII.

Though Mysteries are barr'd from Laic Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy Bosom, where thy Truth in private lies.

IX.

Yet this of Thee, the Wise may freely say,
Thou from the Virtuous *Nothing* takest away,
And to be part of Thee the Wicked pray.

X.

Great *Negative*, how vainly would the Wise
Inquire, Define, Distinguish, Teach, Devise,
Didst thou not stand to *point* their dull *Philosophies.*

XI.

Or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate.

XII.

XII.

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy Bosome most securely rest,
And when *reduc'd* to *thee*, are least *unsafe* and

XIII.

But *Nothing*, why does Something still permit,
That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit?
With Persons highly though at best for nothing
fit.

XIV.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains,
From Princes Coffers, and from States Mens
Brains,
And *Nothing* there like stately *Nothing* Raigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in Grave dis-
guise,
For whom they reverend Shapes and Forms de-
Lawn Sleeves and *Furrs* and *Gowns*, when they
like thee, look Wise.

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch Prowess*, *British Policy*,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch Civility*,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes wit*, are mainly seen in

XVII.

The *Great Mans Gratitude* to his best friend,
Kings Promises, *Whores Vows*, toward thee they bend
Flow swiftly into *thee*, and in *thee* end.

The RAMBLE.

WHilſt Duns were knocking at my Dore,
I lay in Bed with reaking Whore,
With Back ſo weak, and P —— ſo ſore
You'd wonder.

I rais'd my Doe; and lac'd her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She piſt, and then I drove her down
Like Thunder.

From Chamber then, I went to Dinner,
And drank ſmall Beer, like mournful Sinner,
But ſtill I thought the *Devil* in her
Clytoris.

I ſat at *Muſcots* in the Dark,
And heard a Tradeſman, and a Spark,
A Scrivener and a Lawyers Clark,
Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffl'd Face
To the *Dukes* Houſe, and took a place,
In which I ſpew'd, may't pleaſe his Grace,
Or Highneſs.

Had

Had I been hang'd I could not chuſe,
But laugh at Whores, who dropt from Stews,
Seeing that Mrs. *Margaret H——*
So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
Hearing ſome paltre peices chink,
Within my Breeches; how d'ye think
I employ'd em?

Why Sir I went to Mrs. *Speerings*,
Where ſome were Curſing, others Swearing,
Never a barrel, better Herring,
Per Fidem.

Seaven's the *Maine*, 'tis Eight, God damm me,
'Tis Six ſaid I, as God ſhall ſave me,
And being true, they could not blame me
So Saying.

Save me (quoth one) what Shamaroon,
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A Playing?

Now this to me was worſe than Killing.
Miſtake me not, for I am willing,
And able both to drop a Shilling
Or two Sir.

Well

Well ſaid my Lad, quoth *Bully Hack*,
With whiskers ſtern, and *Cordebec*,
Pinn'd up behind, his ſcabby Neck
To ſhew Sir.

With mangy fiſt, he graſpt the box,
Giving the Table bloody knocks
Calling upon the Plague and Pox,
To aſſiſt him.

Ten ſhillings from me he did ſnatch,
Had like t' have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor would Times Regiſter, my Watch,
Have miſt him.

As luck would have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, thou'dſt better go and ſwill,
Canary.

We ſteer'd our Courſe, to *D* —— *G* ——
Which is in *Fleet-ſtreet*, to be ſeen,
Where we drank Wine, not foul, but clean
Canary.

Our Hoſt, y' cleped *Thomas H* ——
Preſented ſlice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us ſwallow Sack as Sammon
Does water.

Being

Being over warm with last Debauch,
I grew as Drunk as any Roach,
When *Hot bak'd Wardens* did approach,
Or later.

But see the damn'd confounded Fate,
Attends on drinking Wine so late,
I drew my Sword on honest Kate,
I'th Kitchin.

Which H —— ds Wife could not endure,
I told her though she look'd demure,
That she came lately I was sure
From B ——

We broke our Glasses out of hand,
As many Oaths we did command,
As *Hastings, Savin, Southerland,*
Or Ogle.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Harry Faine,*
And swore, by God, I would maintaine,
Episcopacy was too plain
A Juggle.

And having now discharg'd the House
We did reserve a gentle *Souse,*
With which we drank another *Rouse*
At the Bar.

And now good Christians all attend,
To Drunkenness pray put an End,
I do advise ye, as a friend,
And Neighbour.

For loe, the Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become rash, sturdy, bold
And free Sir.

For having scap'd the Tavern so,
There never was a greater foe
Encountr'd yet by *Pompey*, no,
Nor Cæsar.

A Constable both stern and dread,
Who is from *Mustard*, *broom* and *thread*,
Preferr'd to be the *brainless Head*
Oth' People.

A Gown he 'ad on, with age made gray,
A Hat too, which as folkes do say,
Is surnam'd to this very day
A Steeple.

His staff, which knew, as well as he,
The Business of Authoritie,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me,
Most true 'tis.

The lowſie Curs, that hither come,
To keep the Kings peace ſafe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Virmin from
Their Cutis;

Stand, ſtand, ſays one, and come before,
You lye, ſaid I like a Son of a Whore,
I can't nor will not ſtand, that's more;
D'ye mutter?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Your Officer i'th May pole Hat,
I'll make as Drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter.

The Conſtable began to ſwell,
Although he lik'd the motion well.
Quoth he, my Friends, this I muſt tell
You clearly;

The Peſtilence you can't forget,
Nor the diſpute wi' the *Dutch*, nor yet,
The dreadful Fire, that made us get
Up Early.

From which, quoth he, I this Inferr,
To have a Bodies Conſcience clear,
Excelleth any coſtly Chear
Or Banquet.

Beſides (and faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept
Within your Chamber, and have ſlept
In Blanket.

But I'le adviſe you by and by.
Apox of all advice ſaid I,
Your *Janizaries* look as dry
As Vulcan.

WVe came not here to talk of Sin,
Come here's a ſhilling, fetch it in;
Our Buſineſs now is to begin
A full Can.

At laſt I made the watchmen Drunk;
Examin'd here and there a punk,
And then away to Bed I ſlunk
To hide it.

Now theſe my wiſhes are to you;
Who will thoſe dangers not eſchew,
That ye may all go home and ſpew
As I did.

A call to the G U A R D.

RAt too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, rat tat too,
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd, and your Eyes
black and blew,
All ye hungrie poor Sinners, that poor Souldiers
are,
Though with very ſmall Coyn, yet with very
much care;
From your Quarters in Garrets, make haſt to
repair
To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your ſorry ſtraw Beds, and your bonny
white fleas,
From your dreams of ſmall Drink, and your very
ſmall eaſe;
From your plenty of ſtink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls ſtuck with flegme, ſticking on
'em like gum;
And Cielings hung with Cob-webs to ſtanch a
cut thumb
To the Guard, &c.

From

From your crackt earthen piſs pots, where no piſs
can ſtay,
From Roofs wrought with ſnuffs, in letters the
wrong way,
From one broken ſtool, and one unbrok'n leg,
One box with ne're a Lid, to keep near a rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your
ſelves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.

With truſtie pike and Gun, and the other ruſtie
Toole;
With heads extreamly hot, and hearts wondrous
Cool,
With ſtomacks meaning none but Cooks and
Sutlers hurt;
With two old tottered ſhooes, that diſgrace the
Town dirt,
With forty ſhreds of Breeches, and not one ſhred
of Shirt;
To the Guard, &c.

See they come, ſee they come, ſee they come, ſee
they come,
With Alarmes in their Pates, to the call of a
Drum;

Some lodging with Bawds, whom the moſt call
Bitches,
With their bones dry'd to Kixes, and legs ſhrunk
to ſwitches.
VVith the plague i' the purſe, and the pox i' the
Breeches,
To the Guard, &c.

Some from ſnoring and farting, and ſpewing on
Benches,
Some from damn'd fulſom Ale, and more damn'd
fulſom VVenches;
Some from Put and ſize Ace, and old ſym this
way ſtalk,
Each man's reeling his Gate, and his Hiccup his
talk
VVith two new Cheeks of red, from an old row
of Chalk,
To the Guard, &c.

Here come others from ſcuffling, and damning
mine Hoſt
With their Tongues at laſt tam'd, but with fa-
ces that boaſt,
Of ſome ſcars by the Jordan, or warlike quan
pot;
From their building of Sconces, and volleys o
ſhot,
Which they charg'd at the Mouth, but diſcharg'd
nere a groat.
To the Guard, &c.

Then for valour in black too, the Chaplain does come,
From his preaching o'er pots to pray o'er a Drum,
All ye whoring and swearing old Redcoats draw near,
Like to Saints in Red-letters listen and give ear,
And be godly a while ho, then be as you were.
To the Guard, &c.

After some canting terms, to your Arms, and the like,
Such as poysing your Muskets, or porting your pike,
To the right, to the left, or else face about;
After ratling your sticks and shaking a Clout,
Hast your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on foot.
To the Guard, &c.

Captain *Hector* first Marches, but not he of *Troy*,
But a trifle made up of a man and a boy;
See the Man scant of Arms, in a Scarf does abound;
Which presages some swaggering but no scar or wound,
Like a Rainbow that shews, the world shan't be drown'd,
To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags, while the Dog bear
the budget,
So the man walks with ſtaff, while foot bo
doth trudge it,
With the toole he ſhould work with, that ha
pike you'l ſay,
But what Captain's ſo ſtrong, his own Arms t
conveigh,
When he marches ore laden with ten othe
men's pay.
To the Guard, &c.

In his March if you mark, he's attended at lea
With ſtinks ſixteen deep, and about five a breaſ
Made of Ale and Mundungus, ſnuff, rags an
brown cruſt *Sir*,
VVhile he wants twenty Taylors, to make u
the Cluſter,
VVhich declares that his Journey's not now t
the Muſter,
But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Muſquet and belly uncharg'd marc
away,
VVith pipes black as their Mouthes are, and
ſhort as their pay,

VVhi

VVhile their Coats made of holes, ſhew like bone lace about 'em,
And their Bandeleers hang like Bobbins without 'em,
And while Horſemen do Cloth 'em, theſe Footſcrubs do Clout 'em.
For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ti'd on one ſide, and wit ti'd on neither,
VVear gray Coats and gray Cattle, ſee their VVenches run hither,
For to peep through Red Lattice, and dark Cellar doores,
To behold 'em wear pikes ruſtie, juſt like their VVhores;
As ſlender as their Meals, and as long as their Scores.
To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle weedle weed (while we beat dub a dub)
Keep the baſe Scottiſh noiſe, and as baſe Scottiſh Scrub;
Then with body contracted, and Ragg open ſpread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Noſe full as red; (head,
Like an Enſign to the King, and to the Kings
Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come laſt, and the Lieute-
nant perhaps,
Full of Low-Country-ſtory, and Low Country
Claps,
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by Name, that vents ſtink by
whole-Sale,
For where ſhould the Fart be, but juſt with the
tayle?
Of the Guard, &c.

And now hey for the King, Boys, and hey for
the Court,
Which is Guarded by theſe, as the Tower is by
dirt,
Theſe *White-Hall* muſt admit, and ſuch other un-
houſe ye,
Each Day lets in the Drunk, while it lets out the
Drowſey,
And no place in the World, ſhifts ſo oft to be
Lowſey,
Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to *Scotland-Yard* ſneak, and the Sutlers
Wife Kiſſes.
But deſpairing of Drink, till ſome Country-Man
piſſes;

And

And payes too (for no place in the Court muſt be given)
To the Can-Office then, or the Foot Soldiers Heaven,
Where he finds a fowle *F* —— ſoon, and cures Sir *Stephen*,
On the Guard, &c.

Some a Shite-Houſe publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts, and diminiſh their Cloathes,
Though their Mouthes are poor Pimps, Whore and Bacon being all,
Their cheif Food, yet their Bumms we true Courtiers may call,
For what they Eat i' the Suburbs, they ſhite at *White-Hall*,
For the Guard, &c,

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making (Entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call a Centry,
Which in bad Houſes of Boards, ſtand to tell what a Clock 'tis,
Where they keep up tame Red-Coats, as Men keep up tame Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs-Turds in Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some

Some of these are planted, though it has be
their lucks, (Duck
Oft to steal Country Geese, now to watch t
While some others are set in the side that h
Wood in,
To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are c
hither footing,
Just as Hussеys set Cuckolds to tend their bla
Pudding,
Oh the Guard, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrol in Ale-Hou
drown'd,
For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brain
walk the Round,
Whilst like Hell the Commanders Guard Cham
ber does shew,
There's such Damning themselves, and all e
of the Crew;
For though they cheat their Men, they give t
Devil his due,
On the Guard, &c.

Whilst a Main after Main, at old Hazard th
throw,
And their Quarrels grow high, as their Mon
grow's low,

Straigh

Straight they threaten hard, uſing bad faces for
Frowns,
To revenge on the fleſh, the defaults of the bones,
But the Blood's in their Hoſe, and in Oathes all
their Wounds,
Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they Fight, as much as they Pray,
For ſome one to the King, does the Tidings con-
veigh,
For preventing of Murder (oh 'tis a wiſe way)
Though not one of them knows, as a Thouſand
dare ſay,
What belongs to a Dead man, unleſs to his pay.
For the Guard, &c.

With their skins they March Home, no more
hurt than their Drums,
But for ſcratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs,
And now hey for fat Ale-Wives, and Tradeſmen
grown lean,
For the Captain grown Bankrupt recruites him
again,
With ſending out Tickets, and turning out men,
From the Guard, &c.

Straight the poor Rogues, caſhierd with a Cane,
and a Curſe,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut every
Purſe,

And

And what then? Mans a Worm; these we Glo
worms may name,
For as they are dark of body, have Tayles all
Flame;
So tho they liv'd in Oathes, yet they dye with
Psalme.

Farewel Guard, &c.

The QUAKERS ROUNDELA

THe Quaker and his Brats
Are born with their Hats,
Which a Poynt with two Tags
Ties fast to their Crags;
Nor King nor Kesar,
To such Knaves as these are
Do signifie more than a Tinker,
His rudeness and Pride
So puft up his hide,
That he's Drunk, though he be no Drinker.

Cho

Chorus.

Now since Major and Justice
Are assured that thus 'tis,
To abate their Encrease and Redundance,
Let us send 'em to Wickam,
For there's one will kick 'em
Into much better manners by abundance.

Once the Clown at his Entry,
Kiss't his Golls to the Gentry,
When the Lady took upon her,
'Twas God save your Honour,
But now Lord and Peasant
Do make but one Mess on't.
Then farewell distinction 'twixt Plough-Man and Knight,
If the World be thus tost
The Old Proverb is crost,
For *Joan*'s as good as my Lady by Light.
Now since Major and Justice, &c.

'Tis Gentry that lull's 'em
While the Quaker begulls 'em:
They dandle 'em in their Laps
Who should strike off their Caps,
And make 'em stand bare
Both to Justice and Mayor,

Till when 'twill ne're be fair Weather;
For now the proud Devil
Has brought up this Level,
None know, who and who's together.
Now since, &c.

Now silence and listen,
Thou shalt hear how they Christen,
Mother Midnight comes out
With the Babe in a Clout,
'Tis *Rachel* you must know 'tis,
Good Friends all take notice,
'Tis a Name from the Scripture arising,
And thus the dry dropper
('Twere a good deed to whip her,)
Makes a Christning without a Baptizing.
Now since, &c.

Their VVedlocks are many,
Marriages not any,
For they and their dull Sows,
Like the Bulls and the Mull-Cows,
Do couple in brutify'd Fashion;
For still the Official
Declares that it is all
Matrimonial Fornication.
Now since, &c.

Their Lands and their Houſes
VVont fall to their Spouſes,
They cannot appoint her
One Turf for a Joynture,
His Son and his Daughter
VVill repent it hereafter,
For when the Eſtate is divided,
For the Parents demerit,
Some Kinſman will Inherit,
Why then let 'em Marry as I did.
Now ſince, &c.

Now ſince theſe mad Nations
Do cheat their Relations,
Pray what better hap then
Can we that are Chap Men
Expect from their Canting,
Their Sighing and Panting?
We are they uſe the Houſe with a Steeple,
So then they may cozen
All us by the dozen,
For *Iſra'l* may ſpoyl *Pharaoh*'s People.
Now ſince, &c.

The Quaker who before
Did rout and did roar,
Great thrift will now tell yee on,
But it tends to Rebellion;

For his tipling being done,
He hath bought him a Gun,
Which he ſaves from his former vain ſpending;
O be Drunk again Quaker,
Take thy Cannikin and ſhake her,
For thou art the worſe for the mending.
Now ſince, &c.

Then look ye about
And give them a Rout
Before they encumber
The Land with their Number;
There can be no Peace in
The Vermins encreaſing,
For 'tis plain to all prudent Beholders;
That while we neglect
They do but expect
A new Head to their *Old Mans* Shoulders.
Now ſince Mayor and Juſtice,
are aſſured that thus 'tis,
To abate their Encreaſe and Redundance,
Let us ſend 'em to Wickam,
For there's one will kick 'em
Into much better manners by abundance.

On a FART.

I Sing the Praiſes of a *Fart*;
That I may do't by terms of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But butter'd Peaſe and Furmety,
And think their help ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my Intent;
When *Virgil*'s Gnat, and *Ovid*'s Flea,
And *Homer*'s Frog ſtrove for the day,
There is no reaſon in my mind
Why a Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that we may it parallel
With any thing that doth excel,
Muſic is but a *Fart* that's ſent
From the Guts of an Inſtrument.
The Scholar *Farts*, when as he gains
Learning, by cracking of his Brains,
And when he has ſpent much pain and Oyl,
Thomas and others to reconcile,
For to learn the diſtracting Art,
What does he get by't? Not a Fart.
The Thunder that doth roar ſo loud
But the farting of a Cloud:
And when the Winds the Rain do ſtir up,
What do they do but *Fart* in Syrup.

The Souldier makes his Foes to run,
With but the Farting off of a Gun,
That's when he makes the Bullets whiſtle,
Elſe 'tis no better than a Fizzel,
They act but *Farts* the words we ſay,
Words are but wind, and ſo are they;
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in Tail, and let 'em both;
Applauſe is but a *Fart*, the rude
Blaſt of the whole Multitude;
And what is working Ale I pray
But Farting Barm which makes away
At the Bunghole, with Farting noiſe
When we do hear it's ſputtring voice?
And when new drank without any hopps
It makes us *Fart* and ſeldom ſtops.
I more of *Farts* would write I vow,
But for my Gutts I cannot now,
For now they wonderfully rumble,
And my Stomach begins to grumble,
Which makes me think that *Farts* ere long
Will at my Nock ſoon find a Tongue,
And there Sing out their own due praiſes
In thundring and in choaking Phraſes.
Where I leave them, and them to you,
And ſo I bid you all adieu;
What I have ſaid take in good part,
If not I do not care a *Fart*.

MAD MAULKIN.

FRom forth th' *Elysian* Fields,
A place of restless souls,
Mad *Maulkin* is come to seek her naked *Tom*;
Hells fury she controuls,
The damned laugh to see me,
Grim *Pluto* scolds and frets,
Charon is glad to see poor *Maulkin* madd,
And away his Boat he gets,
Through the Earth, through the Sea, through unknown I'les,
Through the lofty Skies,
I have sought with sobbs and cryes
For my hungrie *Tom*, and my Naked sad *Tom*,
Yet I know not whether he lives or dyes.

My plaints make Satyrs civil,
The Nymphs forget their singing,
The Fairies have left their Gambolls and their theft,
The Plants and the Trees there Springing,

Mighty *Leviathan* took a Conſumption,
Triton broke his Organ;
Neptune deſpis'd the Ocean,
Floods did leave their flowing,
Churliſh Winds their blowing,
And all to ſee poor *Maudlins* Action;
The Torrid Zone left Burning,
The Deities ſtood a ſtriving,
Deſpiſed *Jove* from *Juno* took a Glove,
And ſtrook down *Pan* from Whiſtling.

Mars for fear lay Couching,
Apollo's Cap was fir'd;
Poor *Charles's-Wain*, was thrown in the Main,
The Nimble Poſt lay tir'd,
Saturn, *Silenus*, *Vulcan*, *Venus*,
All lay huſh'd and Drunk;
Hells fire through Heaven was ſeen,
Fates and Men remorceleſs
Hated our Grief and Hoarſneſs,
And yet not one could tell of *Tom.*

Whither ſhall I wander,
Whither ſhall I fly?
The Heavens do weep, the Earth, the Air, and
the Deep,
Are wearied with my Cry,
Let me up and ſteal the Trumpet
That Summons all to Doom,

At one poor blaſt, the Elements ſhall caſt
All Creatures from their Womb.
Plato with his *Proſerpine*, Death with Deſtruction,
Stormy Clouds and Weather
Shall caſt all Souls together,
Againſt I find my *Tomken*, I'le provide a Pumken,
And we will both be blithe together.

TOM-*A*-BEDLAM.

FRom the Hag and hungry Goblin,
That into Rags would rend ye,
All the Spirits that ſtand
By the Naked Man,
In the Book of Moons defend ye.
That of your five ſound Senſes
You never be forſaken,
Nor travel from
Your ſelves with *Tom*,
Abroad to beg your Bacon.

Chorus.

Nor never ſing any Food and Feeding,
Money, Drink, or Cloathing,
Come Dame or Maid
Be not afraid,
For Tom *will injure nothing.*

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged,
And of forty been
Three times fifteen
In durance ſoundly Caged
In the lovely Lofts of *Bedlam*, in ſtubble ſoft and dainty,
Brave Bracelets ſtrong,
Sweet whips, ding dong,
And a wholſome hunger plenty.
Still do I ſing, any Food any Feeding, &c.

VVith a thought I took for *Maudlin*,
And a cruiſe of Cockle Pottage,
And a thing thus —— tall,
Sky bleſs you all,
I fell into this dotage;
I ſlept not till the Conqueſt,
Till then I never waked,
Till the Roguiſh Boy
Of Love where I lay,
Me found and ſtript me Naked.
And made me ſing, any Food, any Feeding, &c.

VVhen

VVhen ſhort I have ſhorn my Sows face,
And ſwigg'd my Horned Barrel,
In an Oaken Inn
Do I pawn my Skin
As a ſuit of guilt Apparel:
The Moons my conſtant Miſtreſs,
And the lovely Owl my Marrow,
The flaming Drake
And the Night Crow make
Me Muſic to my Sorrow.
While there I ſing, &c.

The Palſie plague theſe Pounces,
VVhen I prig your Pigs or Pullen,
Your Culvers take,
Or Mateleſs make
Your Chanticlear and Sullen;
VVhen I want Provant, with *Humphrey* I ſup;
And when benighted,
To repoſe in *Pauls*
VVith walking Souls,
I never am affrighted.
For ſtill I do ſing, &c.

I know more than *Apollo*,
For oft when he lies ſleeping,
I behold the Stars
At Mortal VVars
And the wounded *Welkin* weeping;

The Moon Embraces her Shepheard,
And the Queen of Love her Warriour,
While the firſt doth horn
The Stars of the Morn,
And the next the Heavenly Farrier.
For ſtill I do ſing, &c.

The Gipſie, *Snapp*, and *Pedro*,
Are none of *Tom*'s Comrades,
The Punk I ſcorn,
And the Cutpurſe ſworn,
And the Roaring Boys Bravado's,
The Soler white and gentle,
Me trace, or touch and ſpare not,
But thoſe that croſs
Tom's *Rhinoceros*,
Do what the Panther dare not.
Although I ſing, &c.

With a Heart of Furious Fancies,
VVhereof I am Commander,
VVith a Burning Spear
And a Horſe of Air
To the VVilderneſs I wander,
VVith a Knight of Ghoſts and Shadows
I ſummon'd am to Tourney,
Ten Leagues beyond
The wide VVorlds end,
Methinks it is no Journey.

Chorus.

All the while I ſing,
Any Food any Feeding;
Money, Drink, or Cloathing,
Come Dame or Maid,
Be not afraid
Poor Tom *will injure nothing.*

The OAKERMAN.

THe Star that ſhines by Daylight,
And his Love the Midnight VValker,
Well guard Red *Jack*
With his purple Pack
Of right *Northumbrian Auker.*

Chorus.

while here I ſing
Any Mark, any Marking,
Marking Red or Yellow;
Come come and buy, or ſay ye why
You deny ſo brave a Fellow.

Full

Full oft a ten Days Journey,
Into the Earth I venture,
To ſhew bright Day
Old *Adam*'s Clay
From the long benighted center.
And then I ſing, &c.

From the Rugged I'le of *Orkney*,
Where the Redſhank walks the Pariſh,
Not a Town of Count
To the *Magog* Mount,
Not a Village *Ham* or *Pariſh*.
But then I ſing, &c.

The Curtail'd Cur and Maſtiff
With this Twig I charm from barking;
From Pack-Horſe feet,
And Wells in Street,
I preſerve your Babes with Marking.
While there I ſing, &c.

The blank Denier and Stiver,
To Gold I turn with wearing,
And a Sixpenny Pot
For a Scarlet Groat,
Edith fills me without Swearing.
While I do ſing, &c.

Beſide

Beſides the Mort I Marry'd,
With whom I ſometimes ſlumber,
Two Loves have I,
And one ligg by,
So we are five in number.
And we do ſing, &c.

Not one of all my Doxies
So fruitleſs is or ſteril,
But breeds young Bones
And Marking Stones,
To your Poultreys farther Perill.
When they ſhall ſing, &c.

Will you red ſtones have to tawney
Your Lambskins or your Weathers?
Is a *Bole* as good
For a Flux of Blood,
As the fume of Capons Feathers?
Of theſe I ſing, &c.

The *Belgian* does not ſcorn me,
Nor I the *Ethiopian*,
I am both one Man
To th' *American*,
And the white and fair *European*.
Although I ſing, &c.

The fierie *Mars* his Minion
By twi-light might me follow,
In a Morning Scene
To the Morning Queen,
She might take me for *Appollo*.
But that I ſing, &c.

But as diſdain'd of Fortune,
Diſdaine I ſhift and ſharking,
No Loves but theſe
Do my Fancy pleaſe,
No delight nor life to Marking,
wherefore I ſing,
Any Mark any Marking,
Marking Red or Yellow,
Come come and buy
Or ſay you why
You deny ſo brave a Fellow.

The BATCHELOR'S SONG.

Like a Dogg, with a Bottle ty'd fast to his Tayle,
Like Vermin in a Trap, or a Theif in a Jayle,
Or like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog;
Such is the Man, who when he might go free,
Does his Liberty loose,
For a Matrimony Noose;
And sells himself into Captivity.

(Jog,
The Dog he does howle, when his Bottle does
The Vermin, the Theif, and the Tory in vain,
Of the Trap, of the Jayle, or the Quagmire Complaine;
But well fair poore Pug, for he plays with his Clog,
And though he would be rid on't, rather than his Life,
Yet he huggs it, and he tuggs it, as a man doth his Wife.

The

The BATCHELORS SONG RETORTED.

Like a Dog that runs madding, at Sheep or at Cows,
Like a Bore that runs brumling after the Sows;
Like a Jade full of Rancor,
Or a Ship without Anchor;
Such is the Libertine, whom Sense invites,
To spend his leisures,
In recoyling pleasures;
And prefer Looseness unto Hymenean Rites.
Whereas the honest Tedder holds
The Dog from the Folds,
And the soft tye of fixed Desire
Keeps Men from the Boarish Mire,
The Bit and Rains
The Horse Restrains,
And th' Anchor saves,
The Ship from Waves;
Vermin indeed, are oft deservedly caught,
In their own Traps,
Venereal Claps, (Bought
Which Health, and wealth, and conscience dearly

These

These Felons of themselves are their own Jayles;
And by stolen pleasure do their sin intayle,
Such wandring Tories in unknown boggs,
And busie Urchins are ensnar'd by Cloggs,
But well fare that Bird
That sweetly is heard
To sing in the contented Cage,
Secure from feares
And all the Snares
Of a Licencious and trapanning Age,
Passing a Calm harmonious Life,
Just like an honest Man, and's Wife.

The REPLY.

Like a Catt with tail fast held by a Pegg,
Like a Hogg that gruntles when he's ty'd by the Legg,
Like a gall Horse in a Pound,
Or a Ship run a ground,
Such is the Man, who ty'd in nuptial Nooze,
With the proud Store braggs
Of his patches and his raggs,
And rai's at loosnes yet fain would get loose.

Whereas

Whereas the Cat not knowing who vext her
Tooth and Nail assaults the thing that is next (her;
And the soft tie of fixt desire
Binds the Hogg to the Paradise of his dear mire,
The Horse frisks about
That cannot gett out,
And the Anchor gives way
To the boystrous Sea,
Husbands indeed are oft deservedly caught
In their own Trapps
By others Claps,
Or Midwives Nurses Cradles dearly bought.

These Fellons to themselves are their own jaile,
Some on the Parish do their bratts entaile,
Like Tories, from their Wives, and Children run,
Designing but to do, and be undon;
Or else like hedg Hoggs under Crabtrees roul,
To bring home to their Drabs,
A burthen of Crabs,
And then retire to their Hole.
But well fair the Owl,
Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy bush stays;
She dodders all day,
While the little Birds Play;
And at midnight she flutters her Wings,
Hooting at her mopish discontented life,
Just like an honest Man and his Wife.

On MATRIMONY.

HOw pleasant a thing were a Wedding,
And a Bedding,
If a man could purchase a Wife,
For a Twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,
Till she grow quite as gray as a Cat,
Good faith Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

The REPLY.

HOw honest a thing is a Wedding,
And a Bedding;
If a man but make choice of a vertuous Wife,
To live with for ay,
Not a Month and a day,
But love and to cherish all days of his life.

'Tis both are grown Grave, Rich, Fruitfull and Fatt,
Good footh Sir, there need no excuſes for that,
And he againſt all Syrens *ſafely ſtands,*
The wiſe Ulyſſes, *tyed in Nuptial bands.*

The BULLS FEATHER.

IT chanced not long ago as I was walking,
An Eccho did bring me where two were talking,
Twas a man ſaid to his wife, dye had I rather,
Than to be cornuted and wear a Bulls feather.

Then preſently ſhe reply'd ſweet art thou jealous?
Thou canſt not play Vulcan before I play Venus,
Thy Fancies are fooliſh, ſuch follies to gather,
There's many an honeſt man hath worn the bulls feather.

Though it be inviſible, let no man it ſcorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn,
He that diſdains it in heart or mind either,
May he be the more ſubject to wear the Bulls feather.

He

He that lives discontent, or in despair
And feareth false Measures, because his Wife's fair,
His thoughts are inconstant, much like Winter Weather,
Though one or two want it, he shall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common, as *Ergo* in Schools,
And only contemned, by those that are Fooles;
Why should a Bulls Feather, cause any unrest,
Since Neighbour's Fair always is counted the best.

Those Women who are fairest, are likest to give it,
And Husbands that have them, are apt'st to believe it,
Some Men though their Wives, should seem for to tedder;
They will play the kind Neighbour, and give the Bulls Feather.

Why should we repine, that our Wives are so kind,
Since we that are Husbands, are of the same Mind?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it, that hardly will be.

For he that disdains, my Bulls Feather to Day,
May light of a Lass, that will play him foul Play;
There's ne're a proud Gallant, that treads on Cows-leather,
But he may be Cornuted, and weare a Bulls-feather.

Though Beer of that Brewing, I never did drink,
Yet be not displeased, if I speak what I think,
Scarce Ten in a Hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'l have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me advise all those that do Pine,
For fear that false Jealousie, shorten their time;
That Disease will torment them, worse than any Feaver,
Then let all be contented, and weare the Bulls-feather.

Old SOULDIERS.

OF old Souldiers, the Song you would hear,
And we old Fidlers, have forgot who they were;
But all we remember, shall come to your Eare,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldiers.

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man,
To *Old Franciſcus*, who firſt it began
To ſaile through the Straights of *Magellan*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud *Spaniſh Armado* to wrack,
And Travel'd all o're the old World and came back,
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack;
Like &c.

With an *Old Candish*, that seconded him,
And taught his old Sailes the same passage to
Swim,
And did them therefore, with Cloath of Gold
Trim;
Like &c.

Like an old *Raleigh*, that twice and again,
Sailed over most part of the *Seas* and then,
Travell'd all ore the old world with his Pen,
Like &c.

With an old *John Norris*, the General,
That at old *Gaunt*, made his fame Immortall,
In spight of his Foes, with no loss at all,
Like &c.

Like old *Brest Fort*, an Invincible thing;
When the old *Queen* sent him, to help the *French*
King, (drive
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the worlds won-
Like &c.

Where an old stout *Fryar*, as goes the story,
Came to push of Pike with him in vain Glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory;
By this old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Ned Norris*, that kept *Oſtend*,
A terrour to Foe, and a refuge to Friend,
And left it impregnable to his laſt End;
Like &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o're the old Bridge, and knockt at the wall,
Of *Lisbone*, the Miſtreſs of *Portugall*;
Like, &c.

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old Queen ſent,
Of *Munſter* in *Ireland*, Lord Preſident,
Where his Days and his Blood, in her Service he ſpent;
Like an old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battell wounded
In his Knee, whoſe Leg was cut off, and he ſaid,
You have ſpoyl'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;
Like &c.

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldeſt of all,
Who went Voluntary, without any Call,
To th' old *Iriſh* Warrs, to's fame Immortall;
Like, &c.

With an old *Dick Wenman*, the first in his prime,
That over the walls of old *Cales* did Clime,
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his time;
Like &c.

Like an old *Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was
o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder
blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was Known;
For an Old &c,

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose braveſt delight,
Was in a good cauſe, for his Countrey to fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight;
And an Old, &c.

With a young *Ned Wenman*, ſo Valiant and bold,
In the Warrs of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,
Deſerves for his Valour to be Enroll'd;
An Old &c.

And thus of old Soldiers, ye hear the fame
But nere ſo many of one Houſe and Name,
And all of old *John Lord Vicount* of *Thame*;
An old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

The

The CUTPURSE.

MY Masters and friends, and good people draw near,
And look to your Purses, for that I do say,
And though little Money in them you do weare,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a Day;
You oft have been told
The young and the old
And bidden beware of the Cutpurse so bold,
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who give you fair warning for and the Cutpurse.
Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd at Nurse
Than for to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

It hath been upbraided to men of my Trade,
That oft times we are the cause of this Crime,
Alack and for pity why should it be said?
As if they regarded or place or time;
Examples have been,
Of some that were seen
In *Westminster-Hall*, yea the pleaders between,
Then why should the *Judges* be free from this Curse
More than my poore self for cutting the purse?
Youth, Youth, &c. At

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and ev'n i'th' Jayl
A knot of good worth, did there shew his face
Against the small Sinner in rage for to raile,
And loſt *Ipſo facto*, his Purſe i' the place;
Nay even from the ſeat
Of Judgment ſo great
A *Judge* there did loſe a fair purſe of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worſe
Are thoſe that ſo venture their Necks for a Purſe
Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Seſſions
'Tis daily their practiſe ſuch booties to make
Yea under the Gallows, at Executions,
They ſtick not, but ſtare about purſes to take
Nay one without Grace,
At a better place,
At Court, and at *Chriſtmas* before the Kings face
Alack then for pity, muſt I bear the Curſe
That only belong to the cunning Cutpurſe?
Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh you vile Nation, of Cutpurſes all,
Relent and Repent, and amend and be ſound
And know that you ought, not by honeſt Men's fall,
To advance your own Fortunes, to die abou
And though you go gay
In ſilkes as you may,

It is not the High way, to *Heaven* (they say)
Repent then, Repent ye for better for worse,
And Kiss not the Gallows, for Cutting a purse.
Youth, Youth, &c.

Sir EGLAMORE.

SIr *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,
with a fa la, lantire down dillie,
He fetch't his Sword, and he went to fight
Fa la lantire down dillie,
And as he went over Hill and Dale
All Arm'd in his Coat of Male,
with a fa la lantire down dillie.

A hugious great *Dragon*, leapt out of his Den,
With &c. (Men
Which had kil'd the Lord knows how many
Fa la &c.
But when he saw Sir *Eglamore*
Good Lord! how the *Dragon* began to Roar!
With a fa &c.

The *Dragon* he had an a plaguie hide
Fa la &c.
Which could both Sword, and Spear abide,
Fa la &c. He

He could not enter with Hacks and Cuts,
Which vext the Knight to the heart blood and guts,
With his &c.

All the Trees i' the Wood did shake
Fa la &c.
Stars did tremble, and man did quake,
Fa la &c.
But had you seen, how the Birds lay peeping,
Twou'd ha made a mans heart, to have fallen weeping
With a fa la &c.

But now it was too late to fear,
Fa la &c.
For now it was come to fight Dog fight Bear,
Fa la &c.
And as a yawning he did fall
He thrust his Sword in, Hilt and all,
With his fa &c.

But now as the Knight in choler did burn,
Fa la &c.
He ow'd the *Dragon* a shrew'd turn
Fa la &c.
In at his Mouth his Sword he bent
The Hilt appear'd at his Fundament,
With a fa &c.

Then the *Dragon*, like a Coward began to fly
Fa la &c.
Unto his Den that was hard by
Fa la &c.
And there he laid him down and Roar'd;
The Knight was vexed for his Sword;
Fa la &c.

The Sword it was an a right good Blade
With Fa la &c.
As ever *Turk*, or *Spaniard* made,
With a fa &c.
For my part do forsake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it,
with a fa &c.
When all this was done, to 'th' Alehouse he went
Fa &c.
And by and by, his two pence he spent,
Fa la &c.
For he was so hot with tugging the *Dragon*,
That nothing wou'd quench him but a whole Flagon
With a fa &c.
Now God preserve our King and Queen,
Fa la &c.
And eke in *London* may be seen,
Fa la &c.
As many Knights, and as many more
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
With a fa la, lanctre down dillie.

Have

Have at ALL.

UPon the Change where Merchants meet,
Twixt *Corn-hill*, and *Threadneedle-street*
Where Wits on every side are hurld
To treat of all things in the world,
I saw a folded paper fall,
And upon it, these words were writ,
Have at all.

Thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know, 'tis have at me;
And if the Consequence be true,
It may as well be have at you,
Then listen pray, to what I shall
In breif declare, what's written there,
Have at all.

I am a Courtier, who in sport
Do come from the *Utopian* Court;
To whisper softly in your Eare,
How high we are, and what we were,
To tell ye all, wou'd be too much,
But here and there a little touch,
Have at all.

I was not many Years agoe,
In Tatter, trim'd from head to toe,
But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,
My Rags are all to Ribands turn'd,
My patches into peices fall,
I oagg a Dye, swagger and lye,
Have at all.

Upon my Pantalonian Pate,
I wear a Milleners Estate,
But when he Duns me at the Court,
I shew him a Protection for't;
While he does to protesting fall,
And then I cry, dam me, ye lye,
Have at all.

Since *Venus* shav'd off all my Hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I weare,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls
That I procure for Lords and Earls;
When Love doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives, at Maids and Wives,
Have at all.

My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another Duns me for my Diet

I had of him in Fiftie three,
Which I forgot, ſo doth not he;
I call him ſaucy fellow, Sirrah,
And draw my Sword, to run him thorough
Have at all.

Yet once a Friend who ſav'd my Life,
Who had a witty wanton Wife;
I did in Curteſie requite,
Made him a Cuckold, and a Knight,
Which makes him mount like a Tennis-ball
While he and I together Crie,
Have at all.

But yet thoſe Citts are ſubtle Slaves,
Moſt of them Wits, and knowing Knaves,
We get them Children, and they doe
From us get Lands, and Lordſhips too;
And 'tis moſt fit in theſe affairs
The Land ſhould go to the right Heirs,
Have at all.

A Soldier I directly hate,
A Cavalier once broke my pate;
With Cane in hand, he over came me,
And took away my Miſtreſs from me,
For I confeſs, I love a Wench,
The *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Dutch*, or *French*,
Have at all.

A Souldiers life is not like mine,
I will be plump, when he ſhall pine;
My projects carry ſtronger force
Than all his armed Foot or Horſe,
What though his Morter peices Roare?
My Chimney-Peices ſhall do more,
Have at all.

Thus I have given you in ſhort
A Courtier of *Utopia* Court;
write not of Religion,
For to tell truly, we have none:
If any me to queſtion call
With Pen or Sword, Hab nab's the word,
Have at all.

The WEDDING.

I Tell thee *Dick*, where I ha been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen,
Oh things beyond compare;

Such Sights again cannot be found
In any place on *Engliſh* ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Croſs*, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hey,
There is a Houſe with Stairs.

And there did I ſee coming down
Such Vokes as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in pairs.

Among the reſt, one Peſt'lent vine,
His Beard no bigger though then mine,
Walk'd on before the reſt.

Our Landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King, God bleſs him, twou'd undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At *Courſe-a-park* without all doubt,
He ſhould have been the firſt ta'ne out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;

Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot yee what? The Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
The Parſon for him ſtayd.

Yet by his leave (for all his haſt)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
Perchance, as did the Mayd.

The Mayd and thereby hangs a Tail,
For ſuch a Mayd no *Whiſton* Ale
Could ever yet produce

No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her Finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide, a Peck,

And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It look't like the great Collar, juſt,
About our young Colts neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat
Like little Mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light.

But *Dick*, ſhe Daunces ſuch a way,
No Sun upon an *Eaſter* Day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

And then ſhe look't as who would ſay,
I will do what I liſt to day,
And you ſhall do't at Night.

Her Cloaths ſo rare and white were on,
No Dazy makes compariſon;
Who ſees them is undone,

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Kathern Pear,
The ſide that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)

But *Dick*, her Eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe doth ſpeak
Thou'dſt ſwear her Teeth her Words did break
That they might paſſage get;

But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſons ſelf had guilty been,
(She look'd that day ſo purely)

And did the Youth ſo oft the feat
At Night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would ha ſpoyl'd him ſurely.

Paſſion O me! how I run on!
There's that that ſhou'd bethought upon
I trow beſides the Bride;

The buſineſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that Men ſhould eat,
That muſt be ſo employ'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice,
His Summons did obey.

Each Serving Man with Diſh in hand,
March'd boldly up like our Train-Band,
Preſented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,
To ſtay to be entreated?

And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace
The Company was ſeated.

Now Hats fly off and Youths Carouſe,
Healths firſt go round and then the Houſe;
The Brides come thick and thick:

And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth,
And who can help it, *Dick?*

O'th'

O'th', ſuddain up they riſe and Daunce,
Then ſit again and Sigh and Glance,
Then Sigh again and Kiſs.

Thus ſeveral ways the time did paſs,
Whilſt every Woman wiſh'd her place,
And every Man wiſh'd his.

By this time all were ſtollen aſide
To Counſel and Undreſs the Bride,
But that he muſt not know.

But 'twas thought he gueſt her Mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo;

When in he came there, *Dick*, ſhe lay
Like new fal'n Snow, melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part.)

Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon he gave, as who ſhould ſay,
God buy with all my Heart.

But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride Maids with the Poſſet,
The Bride-Groom eat in ſpight.

For had he left the Women to't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they do.
What that is who can tell?

But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before,
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

LOVING MAD TOM.

I'Le bark against the Dog-Star,
And crow away the Morning;
I'le chase the Moon
Till it be Noon,
And I'le make her leave her Horning.
But I will find Bonny Maud, *Merry Mad* Maud,
And seek what e're betides her,
Yet I will love
Beneath or above,
That dirty Earth that hides her.

I'le

I'le crack the Poles asunder,
Strange things I will devise on.
I'le beat my Brain against *Charles*'s Wain,
And I'le grasp the round Horizon.
But I'le find, &c.

I'le search the Caves of Slumber,
And please her in a Night Dream;
I'le tumble her into *Lawrences* Fenn,
And hang my self in a Sun Beam;
But I will, &c.

I'le Sayl upon a Milstone,
And make the Sea-Gods wonder,
I'le plunge in the Deep, till I wake asleep,
And I'le tear the Rocks in sunder.
But I will find Bonny Maud, *Merry Mad* Maud,
And seek what e're betides her;
Yet I will love
Beneath or above
The dirty Earth that hides her.

A CAROWSING SONG.

SInce Lifes but ſhort, and time amain
Flies on and nere looks back again,
Let's laugh and Sing, and Merry be,
And ſpend our time in Jollity,
Good Wine makes the Pope Religiouſly given,
And ſends all the Monks and little Fryers to Heaven.

Chorus.

Then take a Merry Glaſs,
Fill it juſt as it was,
And let no Man take it in Dudgeon;
He that makes any ſtir
Is no true Drunken Cur,
Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.

'Twas *Joves* Refreſhment when his mind was ſunk
With cares, to make himſelf with Nectar drunk,
So Heavenly drank his mind, his Brain ran like the Sphears;
Round and make Muſic to his Ears.

He'

He's a right Honest Man,
You may believe what I tell ye,
If he have a Jolly Nose,
And a Beautiful Belly.
Then take, &c.

Great *Alexander* to enflame his Heart
With courage drank two Gallons and a Quart
At six *Go downs*: and then in Raptures hurld,
He went and Conquer'd all the World;
Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedon* won it,
If he had not been Drunk, he nere could have done it.
Then take a Merry Glass,
Fill it just as it was,
And let no Man take it in Dudgeon;
He that makes any stir
Is no true Drunken Cur;
Hang him up, that is a Curmudgeon.

LYD-

LIDFORD LAW.

A SONG.

I.

I Oft have heard of *Lidford Law*,
How in the Morn they Hang and Draw,
And sit in Judgment after:
At first I wondred at it much,
But since I find the reason such
That it deserves no Laughter.

II.

There stands a Castle on a Hill,
I took it for an old Wind-Mill,
The Vane's blown off with Weather;
To lie therein one Night 'tis gues'd
'Twere better to be Hang'd or Pres's'd,
Or Drown'd, now chuse you whether.

III.

The Prince an Hundred pound hath sent
To mend the Leads and Plankings rent
Within this Living Tomb;

Some

Some forty pounds more had paid
The debts of all that shall be laid
There, till the Day of Doom.

IV.

One lies there for a Peck of Salt,
Another for three Pecks of Malt,
Two Sureties for a Noble:
If this be true or else false News,
You may go ask of Master *Cruse*,
John Vaugham, or *John Doble*.

V.

Though Debts and Debtors are bur poor,
The Courts and Causes are the more,
(So many Tynners made)
That Lawyers and Attourneys all,
Which in these Courts do Scold and Brawl,
Do find it a gainful trade.

VI.

Near to these Men that lie in lurch,
There is a Bridge, there is a Church,
Five Ashes and an Oak;
Seven Houses standing, and ten down,
Some say the Parson hath a Gown,
But I saw ne're a Cloak.

VII.

Whereby you may consider well,
That plain Simplicity doth dwell
At *Lidford* without bravery:
For in that Town, both Young and Grave
The Naked Truth, and have
No Cloaks to hide their Knavery.

VIII.

The people all within this Clime
Are frozen all the winter time.
(be ſure I do not fain)
And when the Summor is begun,
They lye like Slow-worms in the Sun,
And come to life again.

IX.

I kiſs'd the Mayor's hand o'th' town,
Who, though he wear no Scarlet gown,
Yet honours the Roſe and Thiſtle,
A piece of Corall in the Mace,
Which there I ſaw, to ſerve the place,
'T would make a good Childs whiſtle.

X.

At ſix o'th' Clock I came away,
And vow'd I would no longer ſtay,
within a place ſo —— arrant,
Both wide and ope to winds that roare,
By Gods grace Ile come there no more,
Unleſs by ſome Tynn warrant.

A SONG.

I.

O My Deareſt I ſhall grieve thee,
When I ſweare, yet Sweet believe me;
By thine eyes the tempting Book,
On which even crabbed old men look;
I ſwear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet do I not love thee for them.

II.

I do not love thee for that faire
Rich Fan of thy moſt curious haire,
Although the wires thereof be drawn
Far finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are ſofter than the leaves
On which the ſubtile Spinner weaves.

III.

I do not love thee for thoſe Flowers
Growing on thy Cheeks, Loves bowers;
Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread,
That none can part their white and red:
Loves golden Arrows thence are ſhot,
And yet for them I love thee not.

IV.

I do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red Corrall'd lips I kiſt ſo oft,
Nor teeth of Pearle, the double guard
To ſpeech, where Muſick ſtill is heard;
Though from thoſe lips a Kiſs being taken,
Can Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

V.

I do not love thee, oh my faireſt,
For that Richeſt, for that Rareſt
Silver pillar, that ſtands under
Thy round head, the Globe of wonder;
Though that Neck be whiter far
Than Towers of poliſhed Ivory are.

VI

I do not love thee for thoſe Mountaines,
Hid with Snow, where milky Fountaines,
Sugar'd ſweet as ſyrup'd Berries,
Muſt one day run through pipes of Cherries.
O how much thoſe Breaſts do move me,
Yet for them I do not love thee.

VII.

I do not love thee for that Belly;
Sleek as Sattin, ſoft as Jelly;
Although within that Cryſtall round
Whole heaps of Treaſure might be found;
So rich, that for the leaſt of them,
A King might give his Diadem.

VIII.

I do not love thee for thoſe Thighes;
Whoſe Alablaſter Rocks do riſe
So high, and even, that they ſtand
Like Sea-marks to ſome happy Land.
Happy are thoſe Eyes have ſeen them,
More happy he ſhall Saile between them.

IX.

IX.

I do not love thee for that palm,
Although the dew thereof be balm,
Nor for that pritty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root,
On which this goodly Cædar grows;
My Sweet I love thee not for those.

X

Nor for thy Wit, though pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmetick
Can number down; nor for those Charms
Thou mak'st with thine embracing Armes:
Although in them one Night to lye,
My dearest I would gladly dye.

XI.

I love thee not for Eyes or Hair,
Nor Teeth, nor Cheeks, nor Lips so rare,
Nor for thy Speech, nor Neck, nor Breast,
Nor for thy Belly, nor the rest,
Nor for thy Hand, nor Foot so small,
But wilt thou know, dear Sweet, for all.

Ad JOHANNUELEM LEPOREM,
Lepidissimum, Carmen Heroicum.

I Sing the furious battails of the Sphæres
Acted in eight and twenty fathom deep,
And from that (*a*) time, reckon so many years
You'l find (*b*) *Endimion* fell fast asleep.

And now assist me O ye (c) Musiques nine
That tell the Orbs in order as they sight,
And thou dread (d) *Atlas* with thine eyes so fine,
Smile on me now that first begin to write.

(e) *Pompey* that once was Tapster of *New-Inne*,
And fought with *Cæsar* on th' (f) *Æmathian*
plaines,
First with his dreadfull (g) *Myrmidons* came in
And let them blood in the Hepatick veines.

But then an *Antelope* in Sable blew,
Clad like the (h) Prince of *Aurange* in his Cloke
Studded with Satyres, on his Army drew,
And presently (i) *Pheanders* Army broke.

(k) *Philip*, for hardiness sirnamed *Chub*,
In Beauty equal to fork-bearing (l) *Bacchus*,
Made such a thrust at (m) *Phœbe*, with his Club,
That made the (n) *Parthians* cry, she will becack
(us,)
Which heard, the *Delphick* Oracle drew nigh,
To wipe fair *Phœbe*, if ought were amiss,
But (o) *Heliotrope*, a little crafty Spy,
Cry'd Clouts were needless, for she did but Pis

A Subtile Gloworm lying in a Hedge
And heard the story of sweet cheek't (p) *Apoll*

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from bright (q) *Styropes* his Antick (Sledge
And to the Butter'd Flownders cry'd out, (r) (*Holla.*

Holla you Pamper'd Jades, quoth he, look here,
And Mounting ſtraight upon a Lobſters Thigh,
An *Engliſh* Man inflam'd with (s) Double Beer,
Swore ne're to (t) drink to Man, a Woman by.

By this time grew the Conflict to be (u) hot,
Boots againſt Boots, 'gainſt (x) Sandals Sandals (fly.
Many poor thirſty Men went to the pot,
Feathers lopt off, Spurs every where did lie.
Catera deſiderantur.

(a) *There began the* Utopian *accompt of years*, Mor. Lib. 1. circa finem.

(b) Endimion *was a handſome young Welſhman, whom* Luce Moone *lov'd for his ſweet breath; and would never hang off his lips: but he not caring for her, eat abundance of Toaſted Cheeſe, purpoſely to make his breath ſavory; upon which, ſhe left him preſently, and ever ſince 'tis proverbially ſpoken* [*as inconſtant as* Luce Moone.] *In* Vatican *copy of Heſiod, reads her Name* Mohun, *but contractedly it is* Moone. Heſiod. Lib. 4. Tom. 3.

(c) *For all the Orbs make Muſic in their Motion*, Proſus de ſphæra. Lib. 3.

(d) Atlas *was a Porter in* Mauritania, *and becaus* *reason of his ſtrength, he bore burthens of ſtupendious weig* *the Poets fain'd, that he carried the Heavens on* *ſhoulders.* Cicero. de nat. Deorum. Lib. 7.

(e) *There were two others of theſe Names, Aldermen* Rome. Tit. Liv. Hiſt. Lib. 28.

(f) Æmathia, *is a very fair Common in* Northampton- ſhire, Strabo Lib. 321.

(g) *Theſe* Myrmydons *were* Corniſh-men, *and ſent* Bladud, *ſometimes King of this Realm, to aid* Pompey Cæſar de bello. civili. Lib. 14.

(h) *It ſeems not to be meant by* Count Henry, *but* *Brother* Maurice, *by comparing his picture to the thing* *ſpoken of.* Janſen. de præd. Lib. 22.

(i) Pheander *was ſo modeſt, that he was called* *Maiden Knight; and yet ſo valiant, that a French Cava* *wrote his life, and called his Book,* Pheander *the Maid* Knight. Hon. d'Vrſee. Tom. 45.

(k) *This ſeems not to be that King, that was Son* Amintas, *and King of* Macedon; *but one who it ſee* *was very laſcivious: for I ſuſpect there is ſome obſc* *conceit in that word* Chub *in the third verſe following, beſi* *a mark of his violence.*

(l) Bacchus, *was a Drunken Yeoman of the Guard* *Queen* Elizabeth, *and a great Archer; ſo that it ſee* *the Author miſtook his halbert, for a fork.*

(m) *This was* Long-Megg *of* Weſtminſter, *who d* *this conflict with* Philip, *followed him in all his Wa* Juſtinian. Lib. 35.

(n) *Theſe were* Lancaſhire-men, *and ſent by Ki* Gorbadug (*for this War ſeems to have been in the ti* *of the* Heptarchy *in* England) *to the aid of* Cæſar. Cæ Lib. citat. prope finem.

(o) *And therefore the herb into which he was turned was called* Turnſole. Ovid. Metam. Lib. 25.

(p) Apollo, *was* Cæſars *Page, and a* Monomotapan *by birth, whoſe name by inverſion was* Ollopa: *which in the Old Language of that Country, ſignifies as much as fair Youth: but,* Euphoniæ Gratia, *called* Apollo, Gor. Bec. Lib. 46.

(q) Styropes, *was a lame Smiths man dwelling in Saint* Johns-ſtreet; *but how he was called* Bright, *I know not, except it were by reaſon of the Luſter of his Eyes.*

(r) Holla, *miſtaken for* Apollo.

(s) Cerviſia (apud Medicos, vinum hordeaceum) potus eſt Anglis longè chariſſimus; Inventum Ferrarij *Londinenſis,* Cui nomen *Smuggo.* Polydor. Virgil, de Invent. rerum. Lib. 2.

(t) Imp. Germaniæ, antiquitus ſolebant, ſtatis temporibus, adire Baſingſtochium; ubi, de more, Juſjurandum ſolenne præſtabant, de non viro propinando, præſente muliere: Hic Mos, jamdudum apud Anglos, pene vim legis obtinuit; quippe gens illa, longe humaniſima morem iſtum, in hodiernum uſque diem, magna Curioſitate, pari comitate conjuncta, uſurpant. Pancirol. Artiuſque imperij. Lib. 6. cap. 5.

(u) *It ſeems this was a great battail, both by the furie of it, and the aids of each ſide; but hereof read more, in* Cornel. Tacit. Lib. de Moribus German.

(x) *This is in imitation of* Lucan ——

—— Signis Signa, & pila —— *&c.*

Pharſalia. Lib. 1. in principio.

BAGNAL'S *BALLET*, *Supplied of what was left out in* Muſarum Deliciæ.

A Ballet, a Ballet! let every Poet,
A Ballet make with ſpeed:
And he that has Wit, now let him ſhow it;
For never was greater need:
And I that never made Ballet before;
Will make one now, though I never make more.
Oh Women, monſtrous Women,
What do you mean to do!

It is their Pride and ſtrange Attire,
Which binds me to this Task;
Which King, and Court, did much admire,
At the laſt *Chriſtmas* Mask,
But by your entertainment then,
You ſhould have ſmall cauſe to come there agen.
Oh Women, &c.

You cannot be contented to go,
As did the Women of old;
But you are all for pride and ſhow,
As they were for Weather and Cold,
O Women, Women! fie, fie, fie,
I wonder you are not aſhamed.
O Women, &c.

Wher

Where is the decency become,
Which our Fore-Mothers had?
With Gowns of Cloth, and Caps of Thrum,
They went full meanly clad.
But you muſt jet it in Silks and Gold;
Your Pride, though in Winter, is never a cold.
Oh Women, &c.

Your Faces trick'd and Painted be,
Your Breaſts all open bare:
So far that a Man may almoſt ſee
Unto your Lady ware:
And in the Church, to tell you true,
Men cannot ſerve God for looking on you.
Oh Women, &c.

And at the Devils Shops you buy
A dreſs of Powdered Hair,
On which your Feathers flaunt and fly,
But i'de wiſh you have a care,
Leſt *Lucifer*'s ſelf who is no prouder
Do one day dreſs up your Hair with a Pouder.
O Women, &c.

And many there are of thoſe that go
Attyr'd from Head to Heel,
That them from Men you cannot know
Unleſs you do them feel,

But oh for ſhame though they have none,
'Tis better believe, and let them alone.
Oh Women, &c.

Both round and ſhort they cut their Hair
Whoſe length ſhould Women grace,
Looſe like themſelves, their Hats they wear,
And when they come in place,
Where Courtſhip and Complements muſt be,
They do it like Men with Cap and Knee.
O Women, &c.

They at their ſides againſt our Laws,
With little Ponyards go,
Which ſurely is, (I think) becauſe,
They love Mens Weapons ſo;
Or elſe it is they'l ſtab all Men,
That do refuſe to ſtab them agen.
O Women, &c.

Doublets like to Men they wear,
As if they meant to flout us,
Truſt round with Poynts and Ribbons fair,
But I pray lets look about us;
For ſince the Doublet ſo well doth fit 'um,
They will have the Breeches, and if they can (get 'um,
O Women, &c.

Nor do they care what a Wiſe Man ſaith,
Or Preaches in their defame.

But

But jeer and hold him an Aſs, but I faith
They'd bluſh if they had any ſhame:
For City and Countrey do both deride 'um,
And our King, God Bleſs him, cannot abide 'um.
O Women, &c.

And when the Mask was at the Court,
Before the King to be ſhown,
They got upon Seats to ſee the ſport,
But ſoon they were pull'd down;
And many were thruſt out of Dores,
Their Coats well cudgel'd, & they call'd Whores.
O King, Religious King,
God ſave thy Majeſty.

And ſo with Prayers to God on high,
To grant his Highneſs Peace,
We hope we ſhall find remedy
To make this miſchief ceaſe:
Since he in Court has tane ſo good order,
The City leave to the Mayor and Recorder.
O King, &c.

And Women all whom this concerns,
Though you offended be;
And now in foul and rayling terms
Do ſwagger and ſcold at me;
I tell you, if you mend not your ways,
The Devil will fetch you all, one of theſe days.
Oh Women, &c.

My.

Mr. Smith, *to Sir* John Mennis, *upon the Surrender of* Conway-Castle, *by the Ar.* B. Y.

And how? and how? hast thou cry'd quittance
With *Mountaine*, Bishop, and his Britaines,
Who after all his changes, had
Yet one trick more, to make *John* mad?
Hadst thou, for this, charge of the Keyes
Old as the Castle? and the payes
Of Men unborn? that never took
A name, but from thy Muster-Book?
Hast thou been honour'd with the Knee
Of the Time-aged-Porter? He
Who after reverence, humbly sate
Below the Salt, and munch'd his Sprat,
And after all this to be vex't
Past sufferance, by a Man o'th' Text!
Well! now thou'rt come in sight of *Pauls*,
Hast thou compounded for thy Coales,
And swallowed glib in hope to thrive,
The Covenant, and Oath Negative,

With hand lift up, like thoſe that are
Indicted for leſs crimes at Barre:
Believe me, Friend, it is a Burden
Worſe then a Cloſe-ſtoole with a Turd in.
Yet if from Britiſh Rocks th' haſt brought
A herd of Goats, or Runts, or ought
That Country yeilds; Flannel, Carnoggins,
Store of Metheglin in thy Waggons;
Leſs needſt thou dwindle to appeare Man
At *Goldſmiths-Hall* before the Chaire-man:
Or if th'aſt plundered Pedlars-pack,
And truſs'd it on thy Knightly back,
Rich in Box-whiſtles, Combs in Caſes,
Tape vvhite and blevv, Points, Incle, Laces,
'T may ſatisfye thoſe hungry Kings;
They'l hang thee elſe in thine ovvn ſtrings.
And novv I call to mind the Tale,
Hovv mounted in thy Nights of Ale
Thou rod'ſt home duly to thy Den
On back of reſty Citizen,
Still preſſing as the Cattle grew
Weary, at every Stage, a new:
Some thorough-pac'd and ſure of foot,
Some tripping, with ſtring-halt to boot,
Now 'tis their time, and thou art ore-
Ridden by them thou roadſt before.
So have I ſeen the Flyes in Summer,
Yellow as was the Neighbouring ſcummer,
With ſhambling Thighs, each other back
By turns, and traverſe o're the rack.

Ah!

Ah! worthy friend, it makes me mad
To count the days, that we have had;
When we might freely meet and drink,
And each man ſpeak what he did think.
Now every ſtep we doubt, and word,
As men to paſs ſome unknown ford;
As Partridges divide their way
When ſtoop'd at by the Birds of prey,
And dare not from their Coverts peep
Till Night's come on, and all's aſleep,
Then from their ſeveral brakes they haſt,
And call together to repaſt.
So frighted by theſe Buzzards, flye
Our ſcattered friends, and ſculking lye
Till cover'd in the Night, they chant
And call each other to the hant,
Some truſty Tavern, where in bowles
They drown their feares, and chirp poor ſouls:
What ſad plight are we in? what pickles?
That we muſt drink in Conventicles?
Search all the Centuries, there's none
Like this fell Perſecution;
But when time ſorts, do but command,
At Noon I'le meet thee, here's my hand,

I. S.

Dated,
From houſe of Knight, in *Nympton-Regis*,
Where one drinks, and another pledges,
I mean at Meales, the day is Jack,
The 15 of the Month that's black,

Forty

Forty eight years, and ſixteen hundred,
Since that of Grace, away are ſquandred,
And ſince Parliament be gone
(I hope you'l not forget that *John*)
Nothing remains, but that I ſay,
Good morrow; that's the time o'th day.

An anſwer to a Letter from Sir JOHN MENNIS, *wherein he jeeres him for falling ſo quickly to the uſe of the Directory.*

FRiend, thou doſt laſh me with a ſtory,
A long one too, of Directory;
When thou alone deſerves the Birch
That brought'ſt the Bondage on the Church.
Didſt thou not treat for *Briſtow* City
And yeild it up? the more's the pity.
And ſaw'ſt thou not, how right or wrong
The Common prayer-Book went along?
Did'ſt thou not ſcourſe, as if inchanted,
For Articles *Sir Thomas* granted,
And batter, as an Author ſaith,
The Articles o'th Chriſtian Faith?
And now the Directory Joſtles
Chriſt out o'th' Church, and his Apoſtles;

And

And teares down the Communion-Rayles
That Men may take it on their Tayles.
Imagine Friend, *Bochus* the King,
Engraven on *Sylla's* Signet ring,
Delivering up into his hands
Fugurth, and with him all his Lands,
Whom *Sylla* took, and sent to *Rome*,
There to abide the Senate's Doom:
In the same posture, I suppose,
John standing in's Doublet and Hose,
Delivering up, amidst the throng,
The Common-prayer, and Wisedom's Song,
To hands of *Fairfax* to be sent
A Sacrifice to the Parliament:
Thou little thoughst what Geare began,
Wrap't in that Treaty, *Busie John*;
There lurk'd the Fire, that turn'd to Cinder
The Church; her Ornaments to Tinder.
There bound up in that Treaty lyes
The fat of all our Christmas pyes,
Our Holy-days there went to wrack,
Our Wakes were layd upon their back;
Our Gossips spoons away were lurch'd,
Our Feasts and Fees for Women Church'd,
All this and more ascribe we might
To thee at *Bristow*, wretched Knight,
Yet thou upbraidst and raylst in time
On me, for that, which was thy Crime,
So froward Children in the Sun,
Amid their sports, some shrewd turn done,

The

The faulty Youth begins to prate,
And lays it on his harmleſs Mate,

Dated,
From *Nympton* where the Cyder ſmiles,
And *James* has Horſe as lame as *Gyles*,
The fourth of *May*; and doſt thou hear,
'Tis as I take it, the Eighth Year
Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*
Was Cut from *Spain* without a Hand-ſaw.

I. S.

Mr. SMITH's *taking a* PURGE.

IN Morn when *Phœbus* peep't through Crevis,
Both as our Brittiſh *Guy* or *Bevis*
I powder took, and by his Beams
Befriended, made a draught for *James*.
Long had it not in Stomack been
But from each part, came powdring in
Of uncouth gear ſuch pregnant ſtore
That Gutt 'gan grumble, nock run o're.
Have ye beheld with eager haſte
The trewant Citts when ſcene is paſt,
(As if they meant their Ribs to burſt
While each bears up to get out firſt)

Cloy

Cloy up the Door, till paſſage ſmall
Into one body rams 'em all,
And then inſtead of Men and Witt
Delivers up a lump of Citt.
With no leſs furie in a throng
Away theſe tachie humors flung,
And downwards in a Rage they drew
To ramble and bid Nock adieu:
But when they came to portall Naſtie,
Bum was ſo ſtrait, and they ſo haſty,
That many a worthy pellett muſt
Into one Bumming ſhoot be thruſt:
At rumbling Noiſe the Maſtive growles
The frighted Mice forſake their holes,
And Souldiers to my Window come
Invited thither by my Drum.
Tire'd with this hideous Coyle behind,
Nock laid about him hard for Winde,
He chaf'd, and fom'd, as Buck emboſt,
And panted like a Dog that's toſt.
At length he gain'd a little time,
And clear'd his Organ from the ſlime;
Pale was his look, (for to be blunt)
Arſe could not ſet a good face on't.
But yet he ſtrove with Viſage wan
To Vent himſelf; and thus began.
Oh diſmall Doſe! Oh curſed geere!
Will all thy Body run out here?
Will Veins, and Sinews, Fleſh, and Bone,
Be gadding, and leave Nock alone?

Is it decreed, oh cruel fate!
So *Mindus* at her City gates,
As was ſuſpected there about,
Some time or other might run out:
A *Devil* more bak't and ſtale
Was grated in my Poſſet-ale,
Or elſe 'twas powder of the Bones
Of ſome foot Souldier dead for the nonce,
For all the way he travels North
Through Stomach, Belly, and ſo forth,
Somewhat he ſeizes in each Town,
And takes it with him as his own.
Well, what ſo ere thou wer't, be ſure
Thy Vengeance I'le no more indure,
Nor ſhall the head or ſtomach put
More than is fitting into Gut.
Why could not Noſtrells, Eyes, or Eare,
My mild expences vent you there?
Or Vomit, by a nearer way,
Diſcharge what in the Stomach lay?
Or i'ſt not Juſtice they that pas'd
The pleaſure, ſhould the bitter taſte?
Can you accuſe me? ever came
Ought in by me did body blame?
Unleſs you keeping ope my Doore,
Drew Wind, to make the Fabrick roar;
I was contented once a Day
While you were temperate, to obey,
But he is curs't that's forc't to ſtand
All the day long with hoſe in hand.

Nor was the Spincter Muſcle put
At every turn to ope and ſhut,
But there to ſtand and notice take
Who paſs'd, and when, and for whoſe ſake.
Therefore be warn'd keep better Dyet,
That all of us may live at quiet.
Or I'le ſtop up the abuſed courſe,
And ſend up Fumes will make you worſe;
And you (as *Mayerne* doth) they ſay
Divert the vent another way,
Then ſpight of Phyſick, in a word,
I'le make your Palate taſt a Turd,
And when you Belch I'le turn the Sent
To perfect ſmell of Fundament.

The PREFACE to that moſt Elaborate Piece of POETRY, Entituled, PENELOPE ULYSSES.

NO I proteſt, not that I wiſh the Gains,
To ſpoil the trade of Mercenary Brains.
I am indifferently bent, ſo, ſo,
Whether I ever tell my Works or no.
Nor was't my aim when I took Pen in Fingers,
To make Imployment for the Ballad Singers.

No

No, none of these; but on a Gloomy Day,
My Genius stept to me, and thus gan say.
Listen to me, I give you Information,
This History deserves a grave Translation;
And if Comparisons be free from Slanders,
I say, as well as *Hero* and *Leander*'s.
This said, I took my Chair in colours wrought;
Which at an Outcry with two Stools I bought;
The Stools of *Dornix*, which that you may know
Are certain Stuffs, Upholsterers use to sell. (well;
Stuffs, said I? No, some *Linsey-Wolsey-Monger* (mixt them,
They were not Stuff nor Cloath sure, but betwixt (them.
The Ward I bought them in, it was without
High *Faringdon*, and their a greasie Lout
Bid for them Shillings six, but I bid seven;
A Sum that is accounted odd not even:
The Cryer thereat seemed to be willing,
Quoth he ther's no man better than seven shilling.
He thought it was a reasonable price,
So struck upon the Table, once, twice, thrice.
My Pen in one hand, my Pen-Knife in the other;
My Ink was good, my Paper was none other.
So sat me down, being with sadness moved,
To sing this new Song, sung of old by *Ovid*.
But would you think, as I was thus preparing
All in a readiness, here and there staring
To find my Implements, that the untoward Elfe,
My Muse should steal away, and hide her self?

Juſt ſo it was, faith, neither worſe nor better,
Away ſhe run er'e I had Writ a Letter.
I after her apace, and beat the Buſhes, (Ruſhes,
Rank Graſs, Firze, Ferne, and the tall Bankes of
At laſt I found my Muſe, and wot you what,
I put her up, for lo ſhe was at ſquat.
Thou Slut quoth I, hadſt thou not run away,
I had made Verſes all this Live-long Day.
But in good ſooth, o're much I durſt not chide her,
Leſt ſhe ſhould run away again and hide her.
But when my heat was o're, I ſpake thus to her,
Why did'ſt thou play the wag? I'me very ſure
I have commended thee above old *Chaucer*;
And in a Tavern once I had a Sawcer
Of White-wine *Vinegar*, daſht in my Face,
For ſaying thou deſerved'ſt a better Grace;
Thou knowſt that then I took a Sawſedge up,
Upon the knaves face it gave ſuch a clap
That he repented him that he had ſpoken
Againſt thy fame, he ſtruck by the ſame token.
I often have ſung thy Meeters, and ſometimes,
I laugh to ſet on others at thy Rhimes.
When that my Muſe conſidered had this gear,
She ſigh'd ſo ſore, it griev'd my heart to hear.
She ſaid ſhe had done ill, and was not blameleſs,
And *Polyhymnie* (one that ſhall be nameleſs,
Was preſent when ſhe ſpoke it) and before her,
My Muſes lamentation was the ſorer.
And then to ſhew ſhe was not quite unkind,
She ſounded out theſe ſtrong lines of her minde.

The

The INVOCATION *of* ULYSSES *and* PENELOPE.

O All ye (a) Cliptick Spirits of the Sphears
That have or (b) ſenſe to hear or (c) uſe of (Ears,
And you in number (d) twelve Cæleſtial Signs
That Poets have made uſe of in their Lines,
And by which Men do know what Seaſon's good
To Gueld their Bore-pigs, and let Horſes Blood,
Liſt to my doleful tone, O (e) liſt I ſay,
Unto the Complaint of *Penelope*,
She was a Lover, I, and ſo was he
As loving unto her, and he to (f) ſhe:
But mark how things were alter'd in a Moment
Ulyſſes was a *Græcian* born, I ſo meant
To have inform'd you firſt, but ſince 'tis o're,
It is as (g) well, as had it been before:
He being as I ſaid a *Greek*, there roſe
A Quarrel 'twixt the *Trojans* and their (h) foes,
I mean the *Græcians*, whereof he was (i) one,
But let that paſs, he was *Laertes* Son.
Let leaſt ſome of the difference be ignorant,
It was about a (k) Wench, you may hear more (l)
on't

In *Virgil*'s *Æneids*, and in *Homer* too;
How *Paris* lov'd her, and made no more ado
But goes and ſteals her from her Husband; Wherefore
The *Græcians* took their Tools, and fighted therefore.
And that you may perceive they were ſtout(m) Signiors,
The Combat laſted for the ſpace of ten (n) years.
This Gallant biding where full many a Mother
Was oft bereav'd of Child, Siſter or Brother,
His Lady greatly longing for his preſence
(o) Writ him a Letter, whereof this is the Sence.

" *My pretty Duck, my pigſnie, my* Ulyſſes,
" *Thy poor* Penelope *ſends a* (p) *thouſand Kiſſes,*
" *As to her only Joy a hearty greeting,*
" *Wiſhing thy company, but not thy meeting*
" *With Enemies, and Fiery Spirits in Armour,*
" *And which perchance may do thy body harm, or*
" *May take thee Priſoner, and clap on thee Bolts,*
" *And Locks upon thy Legs, ſuch as wear Colts.*
" *But ſend me word and e're that thou want Ranſom,*
" *Being a Man ſo Comely, and ſo handſom,*
" *I'le ſell my Smock both from my Back and* (q) *Belly,*
" *E're you want Money, Meat, or Cloaths, I tell ye.*

When that *Ulyſſes*, all in grief enveloped,
Had markt how right this Letter was *Peneloped*,

Laid

Laid one hand on his heart, and ſaid 'twas guilty,
Reſting the other on his Dagger-hilty,
Thus gan to ſpeak: O thou that doſt controul,
All Beauties elſe, thou haſt ſo bang'd my Soul
With thy Lamentation, that I ſwear,
I love thee ſtrangely, without wit or fear;
I could have wiſh'd (quoth he,) my ſelf the Paper,
Ink, Standiſh, Sandbox, or the burning Taper,
That were the Inſtruments of this thy writing;
Or elſe the ſtool whereon thou ſat'ſt inditing:
And ſo might have bin neer that lovely breech
That never yet was troubled with the (r) Itch.
And with the thought of that, his Sorrow doubled,
His Heart with wo, was ſo Cuff'd and Cornuled,
That he approv'd one of his Ladyes Verſes,
The which my Author in his Book rehearſes)
'Tis true quoth he, (ſ) Loves troubles make me tamer,

Res eſt Soliciti plena timoris Amor.

This ſaid he, blam'd himſelf, and chid his folly,
For being ſo ore-rul'd with Melancholly,
He call'd himſelf Fool, Coxcomb, Aſs, and Fop,
And many a ſcurvy name he reckon'd up.
But to himſelf, this Language was too rough,
For certainly the man had wit enough:
For he reſolves to leave his Trojan foes,
And go to ſee his Love in his beſt Clothes.
But mark how he was croſſ'd in his intent,

His friends ſuſpected him innocent int:
And ſome of them ſuppoſ'd he was in love,
Becauſe his Eyes all in his head did move,
Or more or leſs than uſed, I know not which,
But I am ſure they did not move ſo mich
As they were wont to do: and then 'twas blaſted
Ulyſſes was in love, and whilſt that laſted,
No other news within the Camp was ſpoke of
And many did ſuppoſe the Match was broke off
But he conceal'd himſelf, nor was o're haſty,
To ſhift his Clothes, though now grown ſome-
what naſty.
But having waſh'd his hands in Pewter Baſon,
Determins for to get a Girl or a Son,
On fair *Penelope*, for he look'd trimmer,
Then young *Leander* when he learn'd his (t)
Primer,
To *Grace* he wends apace, for all his hope,
Was only now to ſee fair *Penelope*:
She kemb'd her head, and waſh'd her face in
Cream,
And pinch'd her Cheeks to make the (v) red
blood ſtream.
She don'd new Clothes, and ſent the old one
packing, (blacking
And had her Shoes rub'd over with Lamp (w)
Her new rebato, and a falling band,
And Rings with ſeveral poſies on her hand.
A Somacher upon her Breaſt ſo bare,
For Strips and Gorgets was not then the weare.

She thus adorn'd to meet her youthful Lover,
Heard by a Post-Boy, he was new come over:
She then prepares a Banquet very neat,
(x) Yet there was not a bit of Butchers Meat,
But Pyes, and Capons, Rabbits, Larks and Fruit,
Arion on a Dolphin, with his (y) Harp,
And in the midst of all these Dishes stood,
A Platter of Pease-Porridge, wondrous good,
And next to that the God of Love was plac'd,
His Image being made of Rye-past, (speaks,
To make that good which the old Proverb
[The one the Heart, tother the belly breaks.]
Ulysses seeing himself a welcome Guest,
Resolves to have some Fidlers at the Feast:
And 'mongst the various Consort choosing them,
That in their sleeves the Arms of *Agamemnon*, in the next verse, wore: Cry'd in a rage,
Sing me some Song made in the Iron Age.
The Iron-Age, quoth he that used to sing?
This to my mind the *Blacksmiths* song doth bring.
The *Black-Smiths*, quoth *Ulysses*? and there holloweth,
Whoope! is there such a Song? Let's ha't.
It followeth,

(a) *The harder the word is, the easier it is to be understood.*
(b) (c) *In varying the use of the Senses, the Author shews himself to be in his Wits.*
(d) *There the Author shews himself to be well versed in the Almanack.*

(e) *Being*

(e) *Being twice repeated, it argues an Elegant Fancy in the* Poet.

(f) *To make false* English, *argues as much knowledge as to make true Latin.*

(g) *Better once done than never.*

(h) *For sometimes there may happen a quarrel amongst Friends.*

(i) *Till he was Married he could be but one.*

(k) *There is no mischief, but a Woman is at one end of it.*

(l) *The more you hear on't, the worse you'l like it.*

(m) *There was a* Spanish *Regiment amongst them.*

(n) *That may be done in an hour, which we may repent all our Life after.*

(o) *Being up to the Elbows in trouble, she expressed it in this line.*

(p) *Even Reckoning makes long Friends.*

(q) *As a Pudding ha's two ends, so a Smock ha's two sides.*

(r) *As love doth commonly break out into an Itch, yet with her it did not so.*

(s) *There the Author translates out of* Ovid, *as* Ben. Johnson *do's in* Sejanus *out of* Homer.

(t) *By this you may perceive, that Primers were first Printed at* Abydos.

(y) *For distinction sake, because many Men's Noses bleed white Blood.*

(w) *Black is the beauty of the shoe.*

(x) *Because a Cow, was amongst the ancient* Græcians *called a Neat, Gesner in his* Etymolog. lib. 103. Tom 16.

(y) *Better falsifie the Rhime than the Story,* &c.

The

The BLACKSMITH,

As it was ſung before ULYSSES *and* PENELOPE *at their Feaſt, when he returned from the* Trojan Warrs, *collected out of* HOMER, VIRGILL *and* OVID, *by ſome of the Modern Family of the Fancies.*

OF all the Trades that ever I ſee,
There's none with the *Blackſmith* compar'd may be,
With ſo many ſeveral tooles works he,
Which Nobody can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunderbolt made,
Was a Cyclops of the *Black-Smiths* trade,
As in a learned Authour is ſaid,
Which Nobody can deny.

When thundringly we lay about,
The fire like lightening flaſheth out,
Which ſuddainly with water wee d'out,
Which Nobody can deny.

The faireſt Goddeſs in the Skies,
To Marry with *Vulcan* did deviſe,
Which was a *Black Smith* grave and wiſe
Which Nobody can deny.

Mulciber

Mulciber to do her all right,
Did build her a Town by Day and by Night,
Which afterwards he call'd *Hammerſmith* hight,
Which Nobody can deny.

And that no Enemy might wrong her,
He gave her a Fort, ſhe need no ſtronger,
Then in the Lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which Nobody can deny.

Vulcan farther did acquanit her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter.
Which Nobody can deny.

Smithfield he did free from Dirt,
And he had ſure great reaſon for't
It ſtood very near to *Venus court
Which Nobody can deny.

*Turnmill Street.

But after in good time and tide,
It was to the *Black-Smiths* rectified,
And given'm by *Edmond Ironſide*,
Which Nobody can deny.

At laſt * he made a Net, or train,
In which the God of Warr was t'ane,
Which ever ſince was call'd *Pauls-chaine*,
Which Nobody can deny.

* *Vulcan.*

The common Proverb as it is read,
That we ſhould hit the Nayle o'the head,
Without the *Black-Smith* cannot be ſaid,
Which Nobody can deny.

There

There is another must not be forgot,
Which falls unto the *Black-Smiths* lot,
That we should strike while the Iron's hot,
Which Nobody can deny.

A third lyes in the *Black-Smiths* way,
When things are safe as Old-Wives say,
They have 'em under Lock and Key,
Which Nobody can deny.

Another Proverb makes me laugh,
Because the Smith can challenge but half;
When things are as plain as a Pike staff,
Which Nobody can deny.

But 'tother half to him does belong;
And therefore to do the Smith no wrong,
When one is held to it hard, with buckle and thong, *Which Nobody can deny.*

Then there is a whole one proper and fit,
And the *Blacksmith's* Justice is seen in it,
When you give a man Roastmeat, and beat him with the Spit, *which Nobody can deny.*

Another Proverb does seldom faile,
When you meet with naughty Beere or Ale,
You cry it is as dead as a dore Nayle,
Which Nobody can deny.

If you stick to one when Fortunes wheele,
Both make him many losses feel,
We say such a friend is as true as steele.
Which Nobody can deny.

There's

There's one that's in the *Black-Smith's* Books,
And from him alone for Remedy looks,
And that is he, that is off o'th Hooks.
Which Nobody can deny.

There's ne're a ſlut, if filth over-ſmutch her,
But owes to the *Black-Smith* for her letcher,
For without a pair of Tongs, no man will touch her. *Which Nobody can deny.*

There is a Law in Merry *England*,
In which the Smith has ſome Command,
When any one is burnt in the Hand;
Which Nobody can deny.

Banbury Ale a half-yard-pot,
The Devil a Tinker dares ſtand to't;
If once the Toſt be hizzing-hot.
Which Nobody can deny.

If any Taylor have the Itch,
Your *Black-Smith's* water, as black as Pitch,
Will make his Fingers go thorough ſtitch.
Which Nobody can deny.

A Sullen-woman needs no leech,
Your *Black-Smiths* Bellows reſtores her ſpeech,
And will fetch her again, with wind in her breech. *Which &c.*

Your ſnuffling Puritans do ſurmiſe,
That without the *Black-Smith's* Myſteries,
St. Peter had never gotten his Keys,
Which &c.

And

And further more there are of those,
That without the *Black-Smith's* help do suppose
St. *Dunstan* had never ta'n the Devil by the nose.
Which Nobody can deny.

And though they are so rigid and Nice,
And rail against Drabs, and Drink and Dice,
Yet they do allow the *Black-Smith's* Vice;
Which &c.

Now when so many Heresies fly about,
And every Sect grows more in doubt,
The *Black-Smith* he is a hammering it out,
Which &c.

Though Serjeants at Law grow Richer far,
And with long pleading a good cause can Mar,
Yet your *Black-Smiths* take more pains at the Bar,
Which &c.

And though he has no Commander's look,
Nor can brag of those he hath slain and took,
Yet he is as good as ever struck,
Which &c.

For though he does lay on many a blow,
It Ruins neither Friend nor Foe,
Would our plundring-Souldiers had done so,
Which every one can deny.

Though Bankrupts lye lurking in their holes,
And laugh at their Creditors, and Catchpoles,
Yet your Smith can fetch 'em over the Coals.
Which Nobody can deny.

Our

Our Laws do puniſh ſeverely ſtill,
Such as Counterfeit Deed, Bond, or Bill,
But your Smith may freely forge what he will.
Which Nobody can deny.

To be a Jockey is thought a fine feat,
As to train up a horſe, and preſcribe him his meat,
Yet your Smith knows beſt to give him a heat.
which &c.

The Roring-Boy who every one quales,
And ſwaggers, and drinks, and ſwears and rails,
Could yet never make the Smith eat his Nails.
Which &c.

Then if to know him men did deſire,
They would not ſcorn him but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the fire.
Which &c.

Though *Ulyſſes* himſelf has gone many Miles,
And in the War has all the Craft and the wiles,
Yet your Smith can ſooner double his Files.
which &c.

Sayſt thou ſo quoth *Ulyſſes*, and then he did call
For Wine to drink to the *Black-Smiths* all,
And he vow'd it ſhould go round as a Ball.
Which &c.

And cauſe he had ſuch pleaſure t'ane,
At this honeſt Fidlers merry ſtrain,
He gave him the *Horſe-Shoe* in *Drury-lane*.
which &c.

Where

Where his Posterity ever since,
Are ready with Wine, both Spanish and French,
For those that can bring in another Clench.
which &c.
The Song being done they drank the health,
they rose,
They wo'd in verse, and went to Bed in prose.

The long V A C A T I O N.

NOw Townwit saith to witty friend, (pen'd,
Transcribe dear Rogue what thou hast
For I on Journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up, to Country wit,
Our Mules are come, dissolve the Club,
The word till Term is, rub, oh rub!
Now Gamsters poor, in Cloak of stammel,
Mounted on Steed as slow as Cammel;
Bottom of Crab in luckless hand,
Which serves for Bilbo and for wand,
Early in th' morn doth sneak from Town,
Lest *Kit* for Rent should seize on Crown.
One single Crown which he doth keep,
When day is done to pray for sleep:
For he on Journey nought doth eate,
Host spies him come, cries Sir what meat?

He calls for Room and down he lies.
Quoth Hoſt, no Supper? he cries,
A pox on Supper ſling on Rug,
I'me ſick, d'ee hear, yet bring a Jug.
Now Damſel young that dwels in *Cheap*,
For very Joy begins to leap:
Her Elbow ſmall ſhe oft doth rub,
Tickl'd with hope of Sullybub.
For Mother old that doth maintain,
Gold on thumb, Key on Silver-chain:
In Snow white Clout, wraps nook of Pie,
Fat Capons rump, and Rabbits thigh;
And ſaith to *Hackney* Coachman go,
There's ſhillings ſix, ſay I or no:
Whether quoth he? quoth ſhe thy teame,
Muſt drive to place where groweth Cream.
But Husband Gray now come to ſtall,
And for notcht Prentice he doth call:
Where's Dame quoth he? quoth Son of Shop,
She is gone her Cake in Milk to ſop.
Oh oh to *Iſlington*, enough:
Call *Tom* my Son, and our Dog Ruff,
For there in Pond through Mire and Muck,
Wee'l cry hey Duck, hey Ruff, hey Duck.
Now bawd by mortifying paunch,
'Bates two ſtone weight on either haunch;
On Bran and Liver ſhe muſt dine,
Cauſe no man comes to ſolace Chine:
For Biſket ſtale to fodder gut,
Makes lie on back the *craving* ſlut.

The needy whore bids roaring ſwaſh,
That pines (in whiskers long) fetch Caſh,
Her's Gown, quoth ſhe, and *Martha's* ſmock,
And Coat that covered *Andrews* nock:
Speak Broaker fair, and tell him, that
The next Terms tribute makes us fat.
Now man of War that wanteth food,
Grows Cholerick, and ſweareth, 'Sbloud,
He ſendeth note to man of kin,
But man leaves word, I am not within.
He meets inth' ſtreet with friend call'd *will*,
And cries, you Rogue, what living ſtill?
But ere that ſtreet they quite have paſt,
He ſoftly askes, what Mony haſt?
Quoth friend a Crown: 'S'heart,
Thou beaſt no more? ſweet lend me part.
Now *London* Mayor in Saddle new,
Rides into fair of *Bartholomew*:
He twirles his Chain, and looketh big,
As he would fright the head of Pig:
Which gaping lies on greaſy ſtall,
Till female with huge belly call.
Now Aldermen in Field doth ſtand,
With foot on trig, and quaite in hand.
Me ſeven quoth he, the game is up,
Nothing I pay, and yet I ſup.
To Aldermen, quoth Neighbours then,
Loſt but Mutton play'd for Hen;
But wealthy blade cryes out, at rate,
If King ſhould'ſt play, let's goe, 'tis late.

Now *Levite* that near *Bride-well* dock,
In old blind Nook feeds ſilly Flock:
With common courſe, though ſpiritual,
Fit food for blade that works on ſtall:
Theſe all with ſolemn Oath agree,
To meet in Fields of *Finsbury*,
With loynes in Canvas, Bow-caſe ty'd,
Where Arrows ſtick with mickle pride;
With hat pin'd up, and Bow in hand,
All day ſo fiercely there they ſtand,
Like Ghoſts of *Adam Bell* and *Clim*,
Sol ſets for fear they'l ſhoot at him.
Now Vaulter good, and Dancing laſs,
On Roap, and man that cries hey toſs,
And tumbler young that needs but ſtoop,
Lay head to heel, creep through hoop;
And man that doth in cheſt include,
Old *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* lewd;
And ſhew thoſe Drabs the ſiſters two,
That *Lot* debauch'd, then made him doe;
And Man that while the Puppets play,
Through noſe expoundeth what they ſay:
And Ape led Captive ſtill in chaine,
Till he renounce the Pope and *Spain*.
And white Oate eater that doth dwell,
In Stable ſmall, at Sign of Bell.
That liſts up hoof to ſhew the pranks,
Taught by Magician ſtyled *Banks*.
Theſe all on hoof now trudge from Town,
To cheat poor turnup-eating Clown.

Now

Now ſpin *Ralph* and *Gregory* ſmall,
And ſhort hair'd *Stephen*, and white fac't *Paul*;
Whoſe times are out, Indentures torn,
That full ſeven years taught them not ſcorn
To fetch up Coales for Maid to uſe,
Wipe Miſtreſs and Children ſhoo's;
Hire meager Steeds to ride and ſee,
Their Parents good: who dwell as near,
As place call'd *Peake* in *Derby-ſhire*;
There they alight, old Cronies are mild,
Each weeps on Crag of pretty Child:
They portions give, Trades up to ſet,
That babes may live, ſerve God and cheat.
Now *Kit* that thruſts with weary thighs,
Seeks Garret where ſmall Poet lies:
He comes to room, finds Garret ſhut,
Then not with knuckle but with foot,
He roundly knocks: would enter door,
The Poet ſleeps not, but doth ſnore.
Kit chafes like beaſt of *Libia* then,
Sweares he'l not come nor ſend again.
With little lump triangular,
Straight Poet ſighs are heard a far.
Quoth he, can't noble numbers chooſe,
But walk on foot that have no ſhooes?
Then doth he wiſh with fervent breath,
As 'twere his laſt requeſt ere death;
Such ow'd a Bond, each Madrigall,
Each Leaſe from *Haberdaſhers-Hall*:

Or elſe that he deriv'd had been,
From Cod of King and nock of Queen,
For weight of enthroned cares, not an ace,
For *Wood-ſtreet* friend, that *Weeldeth* Mace.
Kings pay no ſcores but when they liſt,
And Treaſure ſtill hath cramp in fiſt.

Now wight that acts on ſtage of Bull,
In Scullers Bark doth lie at Hull:
Which he for pennies two doth rig,
All day on Thames to bob for Grig;
Whilſt Fencer poor doth by him ſtand,
In old dung Liter hook in hand.
Between knees rod, with Canvas crib
To girdle tyed, faſt under rib;
Where Worms abide, that little Fiſh,
Betray at Night to earthen Diſh.

Near houſe of Lane by *Temple-Bar*,
Now man of Mace cares not how far,
(In ſtockings blew) he marcheth on,
With Velvet Cape his Cloak upon,
On Girdle ſcroule, where name of ſumm,
Is written down, which he with thumb,
On ſhoulder left, muſt ſafe Convoy,
Awing ſad wight, with name of *Roy*.
Poor Priſoners friend that ſees the touch,
Cryes out by God I thought as much.

Now Poet ſmall to Globe doth run,
And vows to Heaven four acts are done,
Finis to bring he doth proteſt:
Tells each aſide his part is beſt:

And all to get as Poets use,
Mineral in Pouch to comfort Muse:
But stay, my frighted Muse is fled,
My self through fear crept under Bed;
For just as Pen would scribble more,
Fierce City Dun did rap at Door.

On the PRAISE *of* FAT MEN.

LO, precious Rules are here made common,
For health of either Man or Woman.
If thou fat Mortal fain would'st be,
With Cheeks so plump for Eyes to see:
Know Feeding hard, and drinking much,
With Sleeping long, will make you such.
Cram thou until thou Fart'st at Table,
'Twill make thee fat as Jade i'th' Stable.
If thou thy Buttocks would have spread,
Sit long after thou hast well fed;
'Twill make the Hanches large to grow,
Through Gown or Breeches making show.
If thou thy flesh wilt hold together,
Walk not though it be fair Weather;
All Exercise forbear, for that
But wastes and melts away the fat.

You ſee when Bores for Brawn we feed,
That they're pend up in Stigh indeed,
Which makes their Fat more firm and hard,
Than is the greateſt Bacon Lard;
So you the Dining-room may keep,
To eat and drink in, ſhite and ſleep.
Your wiſer *Germans* ſit at Meals
So long till it runs down their Heels,
Nor do they think it any ſcorn,
For what o'reflows, their Rooms adorn.
In Camp you may find out his Tent
From other Nations by the ſent;
For there the Packings up of *Rhenniſh*,
Diſturbs no Stomach that is ſquemiſh.
To Eat and Drink, to Shite and ſpew,
Is cuſtom old, no faſhion new.
Your Pills and Potions are poor things
To thoſe more natural ſcowerings;
To ſee a Mortal with large Pode
Disburden Colon of his load;
Or ſee one which eat Apple-Pie,
Till ſhe hath need to let it fly,
Doth ſhew that all is right within,
That ſends forth Pudding without skin.
Theſe are the natural Cronies that ſhew
The Feeding Bodies eb and flow.
For in the Microcoſm we
All changes of the great World ſee,
Let hungry wight forbear a Meal,
It makes him look like ſlinked Veal;

His Belly thinks his Throat is cut,
And Cramp begins to wring his Gut;
He looketh blew under the Eyes,
And Guts do Wolf-like trade that lies
In Watry Dike in Springs beginning;
Then have a care of empty sinning,
You never shall answer half so much
To fill, as he shall that doth grutch
To stuff his Chitterlings so well,
That they no Tales of Fasting tell.
I heard Rich Mortal had a Pig
A Present sent to him so big,
That he to eat it was unwilling,
But striv'd to sell it for five Shilling,
The Pig was sent him with the Tayl,
But in the Market that must fail,
For there the Mortal would not send it
But in his Family would spend it;
But bad his Man to have a care
To sel't where he might have his share.
The Body of the Pig was sold,
But Powdring Tub the Tail did hold;
The Powdring Tub which had not seen
So much as Rump of Goose so green
In twice ten year (Tub true to say)
Would well have serv'd late Priests to pray,
Such as from Coblers Stalls have crept,
And in Obedience Sisters kept.
Their Members all with Dew are spread
To Rub and Chafe when they're in Bed.

For after exercise in tub
Their sisters cause their Priests to tub,
That they their teachers might restore
For doctrine given in before.
But leaving brother to expound
Dark place and mystery profound,
I now intend to bend discourse
To mortal fat as pampred horse.
They commonly that are so fat
No parents are of wicked plot.
Alas they only do take care
To keep their ribs from being bare,
And that is done by exercise
Of little bones beneath their eyes,
Bones that will trundle a whole mile
While all the body rests the while;
Yet we have fools within our Nation
Let strangers pull them out for fashion,
Bones unto men of precious use,
That squeeze all fat, all ripe to juyce,
That man that truly loves his belly,
To part with them is loth I tell ye;
He doth as highly prize those bones,
As Ladies do their precious stones,
Which nature made not to adorn her
So much as please her in a corner.
These bones in English have a name,
Which Monsieurs raised have to fame.
A single one is called a Tooth,
From whence Tooth-drawer comes forsooth.

But of tooth-drawers pray know this
The French the moſt eſteemed is;
He doth as much by touch of finger
As figures do for figure flinger.
Let all the learned know that they
Do but pretend to what they ſay.
Your French-Tooth-drawer if you obſerve
Looks as if he himſelf did ſterve
To fat his horſe, which drew as much
As Monſieurs ſelf doth by the touch;
For Monſieurs horſe, whoſe hooſes are horns,
While he cures Teeth the Jade cures Cornes,
I ſaw a Porter who ſtood by
To ſee Monſieur draw's mouth awry,
And pull from well-grown Butchers gum
A hollow Tooth bigger than's thumb;
A Tooth I'le warrant in time hath ground
Offly-blown beef, many a pound;
A Tooth had ſome well-minded Glutton
But ſuch a Fang he'd tue the mutton;
Porter that ſtood this ſight to ſee
Had come on too moſt certainly:
The Monſieurs horſe, as if jade knew
The malady which on toe grew,
Removed his foot and ſet it down
Upon the toe of gazing clown;
Porter at tread of horſe did ſqueak,
But jade had gin his corn a tweek.
Juſt as the Butchers money paid,
The Porters cure of corn was made;

He

He needs muſt be rid of his corn,
For toe from his foot was torn.
When Porter begins to complain,
Monſieur to ſpur his horſe was fain,
So rides away, ſans all remorſe,
Bidding the Porter kiſs his arſe.
Porter was lame, and could not follow,
But aloud begins to hollow;
But we leave Porter for to howle,
Till we return to our fat ſoul;
For this is quite againſt profeſſion
Of mine to make ſo large digreſſion.
But now, for rules before we eat,
And how to chuſe right fatt'ning meat,
For ſpoon-meat, barly-broth and jelly,
Very good is for the belly.
For mornings draught your north-down-ale
Will make you oylely as a Whale;
But he that will not out fleſh wit
Muſt at the good Canary ſit;
For 'tis a ſaying very fine
Give me the fat mans wit in wine:
For he's as merry as wean'lin Pig
That to the Hoggs-trough dances Jig.
Your beef, your pork, your veal, your mutton,
So it be good as knife ere cut on;
Your pigs, your capons, turkies, conies,
Your feeding wight thinks worth his monies;
But he whoſe longing's to grow thicker,
Muſt mingle with good meat good liquor.

Your

Your Brawn waſht down with muskadine,
Will make your Cheeks look plump and fine;
If you would have a double chin
Drink no ſmall beer, for that's too thin:
For he that means to feed his chops high
Apt is to fall into a Dropſie.
Therefore your high rich wines are fit
T'augment the fleſh and help the wit:
'Twill make the buttocks firm as brawn,
And skin as pure white as Lawn.
Turn haunches up with Lady fine,
And thy fat arſe ſhall hers out-ſhine.
Feeding and drinking, ſmooths the skin,
And makes the plump one moiſt within.
Who feeds at Veſpers and at Mattins
Their skins as ſmooth and white as Sattins
Nere dyed, but weand from the pure Silk
Of the dead worm (whiter) than Milk.
As I of feeding much do treat,
So rules I render after meat.
When thou from a full meal doth riſe,
Scummer and Urine if thou'rt wiſe:
Then pipe of right *Varnia's* take,
For that doth ſwift digeſtion make.
Then ſeat thy ſelf in a great chair,
And thing call'd tatling do forbear;
So ſhall you fall into a ſweet nap,
Shall eaſe the burthen of your lap:
That you no ſooner ſhall awake,
But you another meal may take;

Or have at leaſt when you do riſe
Paſſage for dung between your thighs:
Another precious rule ſcarce thought on
By no means here muſt be forgotten;
All vermine which in bed doth creep,
From thighs and privy members keep;
For they are creatures break the reſt,
And make men ſleep when they ſhould feaſt;
Leaving untoucht a wholeſome coney,
Which ſweeter is to man than money.
Take women fat, with a black hair,
With colour red, and skin that's fair;
And turn her up, and you ſhall ſee
Such a ſtrong contrariety,
Of her white thigh and curled black,
That bordereth about her knack,
Shall pleaſe the skilful eye to ſee
Of hues, ſuch rare variety;
For there is black, and blew, and white,
Ordained for young mans delight.
I could ſpeak more in praiſe of theſe
Strong harbours for fat crabs and fleas;
But I muſt turn and wind my ſtory
To thoſe by feeding gain their glory.
And now ſhould I all wild fowl name,
That add to luſty munchers frame;
I dazel ſhould the readers eye
To view the name of fowl that fly;
I will not write of Hern or Bittern
Whoſe claw tranſcends Gooſe-quil or cittern;

Nor of the Partridge, nor the Pheasant,
Meat scarcely known to chaps of Peasant;
Nor of the Woodcock, nor the Widgeon,
Nor the often billing Pigeon.
Nor of the Lark, nor the cock-sparrow
Whose mettle melts away his marrow.
I shall want room to write of fish,
Which often is the fat mans dish;
Of which the Sturgeon and the Oyster
That moveth holy Nun in Cloyster,
And makes oftimes aged Fryar
A little of that same desire.
Oysters are of strong operation,
Known to both Sexes of our Nation;
They're fishes of such rare perfection,
That they in flesh make an erection;
And give to mouths want teeth such strength
That they'le devour a whole yards length;
Such is keen appetite of nick,
Although it be a handfull thick.
I must not dwell on watry theam,
For fear I'm thought too full of phlegm:
But now I something have to say,
Of food that helps natures decay;
Of which the food springs from the earth
Sutes best to those of humane birth.
In *Indies* Eastern, occident,
There's fruits that give the taste content.
Some that have travelled speak of Planton,
It makes men lusty, women wanton:

But I believe our Engliſh skerrit
To man or woman adds more ſpirit.
But this is clearly my opinion,
There breeds more ſperm of leek and Onion;
Some windy roots we have that ſwell
The belly much, helps nere a dell
To procreation, but they
We mean to caſt out of our way:
Of which the turnip and the carot
Will make ſome ſpeak like Jay or Parrot;
It was the judgment of wiſe *Cato*,
That Parſnip did tranſcend Potato:
He ſwears that Parſnip more doth merit
Then the Eringo or the skerit:
And yet the Eringo we do ſee
Our Ladies eat perpetually,
Which out of fellow feeling they,
Do to reſiſt, and to obey.
Johannes de temporibus
Who liv'd as long as three of us;
His dyet much was on the Parſnip,
And he did love to give white arſnip:
In commendations of that root,
Said it made him oftimes go to't.
A modern writer, to the glory
Of this brave root tells this true ſtory;
Which if our Ladies will not eat,
Will ſerve to do another feat.
The ſtory was of a ſwart Spanyard
Who ſeldom hath a pendent whinyard;

But every night did clapper-claw
His wife that she was almost raw;
She was so sore and full of pain,
That she was forced to complain.
The learned Judges of the Land
Desir'd to take each thing in hand:
But when the Judges understood,
The matter was of flesh and bloud;
They for the learned Doctors call,
Who straight appear'd in place call'd Hall:
Woman that brought her husband thither,
And was sore in mouth call'd nether,
Did blush to see the man in gown,
Fearing the tale would through the town;
Which shortly afterwards it did,
For which the woman oft was chid.
The Doctors gravely, and in quiet,
Ask't him of his usual dyet:
He told them Parsnips was the meat
Which he most usually did eat;
By which conjectur'd 'tis by all,
No root is more spermatical.
But now to ease his sore wives pain,
A month these roots he must refrain;
Which willingly my stout Don did,
And changing food lay still in bed:
But she before the month had end
Presented Parsnips to her friend;
And then he fell to wonted work
As feirce as a broad shouldred Turk.

Since Parſnip's ſuch a battning thing
That makes both man and woman cling,
And ſtick as faſt to one another
As glued boards, why then plump brother
Eſchew not this ſo luſty food,
Which both for fleſh and pleaſure's good.
Some ſlight the valour of the fat,
And ſay they're good for nought but chat:
But I a ſtory will unfold,
Shall ſpeak them hardy, ſtout and bold.
Fat mortal into market comes,
And ſpyed fat Eels would oyl his gumms;
Then ſtraight he hath a longing wiſh,
To have thoſe fat Eels in his diſh.
So to the greaſie wife that ſould 'um,
And on her ſhort fat knees did hold 'um;
He askt the price with greedy ſenſe,
She gripple wench ſaid Eighteen pence:
He in deriſion offered three;
So quarrel 'tween them grew to be.
The peremptory Jade did rail,
Her words did bruiſe like blows of flail;
But Pothecary having mettle,
Removed her arſe from off the ſettle:
And made the whore that ſold the Eel;
The wait of hand on bare arſe feel;
For he in market call'd *Cheapſide*,
Smote her blind face, ſans noſe, mouth-wide
Belong'd to thoſe unwaſhed cheeks,
Where gard'ner might have planted leeks:

But one thing more vexs Pothecary,
To ſee the Fiſh-wives arſe ſo hairy.
But having thus his buſineſs done,
Set down, the ſcold away did run:
She to revenge this foul diſgrace,
Runs ſcolding after him apace.
Poor man affrighted with the din,
Beſhit himſelf for fear of quean.
The lane was narrow where he went;
He ſtunck like alderman in tent;
The jade which ſeldom us'd to ſmell,
But what from her own bunghole fell;
Left off the chace, it was ſo ſtrong,
And ſo returned with the wrong.
And ſo I leave her to the ſcorn
Of thoſe at Bilingſgate, duckt each morn;
This for Land-ſervice, which doth ſhow
Fat men their teeth for valour owe.
Now for the ſea, of which I'le ſpeak,
What ſhall not ſhew their valour weak,
As horſes in ſtorm a ſhip doth poiſe,
By his reſiſting waves that riſe;
Let no fond man the truth deride,
For horſe doth make to th' riſing ſide:
So fat mans bunghole being open,
Keeps ſaylors all from being a ſlopen.
The ſtench abundant forth doth ſend,
Making each boy ſtand to ropes end;
By which we find it requiſite
Fat men aboard in ſtorm do ſhite.

He that at fun lets out a peck
Is a prime man to ſcoure a deck:
Now for your female valour I
Some rare examples ſhall deſcry.
Let us look ore the water there,
Where guts are carried to the bear:
I mean that *London* ſpoyling borough,
Which you to *Kent* muſt ride clean thorough,
Thoſe that ſo treacherouſly let in
Such mortals as make wealth a ſin;
Which for their ſervice late ſo rare,
Shall have an aſs for their new mayor;
But for the Maſters of their ſtate
In this diſcourſe, Ile not relate:
The wenches with broad haunches I
Intend in this place to deſcry;
Such whoſe large podes do roar as loud
As wind doth in a tall ſhips ſhroud;
Their blaſts are ſuch as you with wonder,
If not beheld, would ſwear were thunder.
But when they rain and blow together,
You never heard ſuch ſtormy weather;
Such as will fright the wondering ſenſe,
And to the *Naſus* give offence.
For like the touchhole of a gun,
The ſents perfumed from the ſun:
This for the virtue; now the trade
Of theſe ſweet wives ſo roundly made;
Your neat paunch cleanſer is a woman
That ſpreadeth in the haunch moſt common.

Your neat paunch cleanser is t ripe boyler,
Which trade is a great finger-foyler.
But these large wives with hubergums,
Their tongues with railing bruise their gums;
And bones of armes in skin do rattle,
When with their wenches they have battle:
I could more instances recite
Of womens valour when they fight,
But now I mean to leave the theam,
Of choler mixt with dirty fleam.
Repeating something of fat Squire,
Who alwayes shites when he's in ire.
The Officer of our wise Ward,
Fat as a Bear or the Bearward,
Which if you name but the word fight,
Immediately it makes him shite.
Let any man discharge a gun,
And he as soon discharge's tun.
It is his natural love to fighting,
Makes him so prone and apt to shiting.
Nor altogether of their spleen,
For all their choller is so keen;
Their loves do more abound than spite,
And they to shew it when they shite.
Fat man and wife together went
To cleanse each others fundament;
For so well grown was either belly,
They could not do't themselves I tell ye.
This I dare boldly say sans sinning,
Bitten come shite is loves beginning,

This further know, fat folks do ſcummer
As much as Cows do give in Summer.
And that muſt be a fruitful tail,
That at one dunging fills a Pail.
Nor is't amiſs that I recite
The Parley they did uſe at ſhite:

DIALOGUE.

Kind words are worth a world of money:
Qu. Doſt thou piſs love? *Anſ.* I ſhite hony.
Such queſtons would the good man ask,
When wife was troubled with the Lask,
For ſhe when laskiſh ſhit ſo thin,
It might have ſerv'd to ſhave a chin.
Some think it needful to be ſed
Of love they uſed to ſhite in bed.
Large paunches did ſo ſhorten arm,
Own privy members could not warm.
Their Sauſige-plumped fingers ends,
But commonly like loving friends,
In winter morning you may catch
Her hand on——be fingring——
Thus they do keep their fingers warm
Doing to neither any harm.
Love in all ages was commended,
And by Monarchy ſtill defended.

Fat People were the lauded Theams
Of *Julius Cæsar* and King *James*.
They keep their Minds in such pure quiet,
Which battens them as much as Dyet.
And now I leave the fat Folks Friends,
Which Musick maketh at both ends.
For Pode and Throat they both extend,
To make a sweet Harmonious end.

Joan Easie *got her a Nag and a Sledge,*
To the Privy-house for to slide,-a
The hole was beshit,
That she could not sit,
But did Cack as she lay on her side-a
She was not bound,
For she sent forth a sound,
Did stretch her Fundament wide-a

Other TRADES *besides the* BLACKSMITH.

OF all Occupations that now adays are used
I would not be a Butcher, for that's to be refused;
For whatever is gotten, or whatever is gained,
He shall be call'd *Kill-cow*, and so shall be named.

Low--- quoth the Cow, *Blea*, quoth the Calf,
He calls to his Wife for a Rope,
He makes her pull till her Heart doth break,
For fear he ſhould cut her Throat.

The TINKER.

FOr he ſits all day quaffing,
And turning over the Bowl;
And goes about from Houſe to Houſe,
To ſtop the Good Wifes Hole.
Ting quoth the Metal, Tong quoth the Kettle,
He calls to his Wife for a Hammer,
He goes about from Town to Town
Moſt like a Rogue in manner.

A TAYLOUR.

FOr he ſits all day pricking,
And wearing of his Bones.
He thruſts his Needle through the Seams
And kills Nine Lice at once.
Snap quo the Sheires, bounce quo the Board;
He calls to his Wife for an Iron,
He burns himſelf all in the hand,
As if he were a Felon.

A SHOEMAKER.

FOr he ſits all day Whisking
And drawing forth of his Thread,
His Foot is always in the Stirrup,
Yet ſeldom doth he ride;
Whiff quo the Whetſtone,
Tapp quo the Dreſſer,
He calls to his Wife for Thread,
He plucks the Briſtles from off the Hogs back,
And all for pure need.

A COOPER.

FOr he ſits all Day Hooping,
And mending of a Barrel,
Let but the Knave have Drink enough,
He cares for no Apparel.
Squirt quo the Can, Drunk was the Man.
He calls to his Wife for an Addis
To ſtop a Hole in her Bolting Tub,
For he looks like one that Mad is.

A BAKER.

FOr he ſits all day a Bunting,
And bending of his Knee,

And

And if his Bread be too little weight,
The *Pillory*'s his Fee.
Away goes the *Baker*,
Up goes the Ladder,
In goes his Head to the Hole,
And all becauſe his Ware wants weight,
According to the Tole.

A WEAVER.

FOr he earns his Money hardly,
And ſome of them complain,
The Clothier takes away the Thrums,
Which was the *Weavers* Gain.
Whut quo the Treddle, *quiſh* quo the *Shuttle*,
He calls to his Wife for *Quills*;
They knit many a knot in a Threadbare Coat,
Full ſore againſt their Wills.

A LAWYER.

FOr hee'l tell you many a prittle prattle,
And many a pretty thing;
And when he has your Money got,
You may go pipe and ſing.
Flirt goes the Ink, *Blur* goes the Pen,
He calls to his Wife for Paper,
There is no Man in all the Land
That will ſo Cog and Flatter.

A SEMPSTER.

OF all Occupations
That ever came i' my mind,
I would not be a Sempſter
Although ſhe be ſo kind,
For ſhe ſits all day Sowing,
And hanging down her Head;
And often times ſhe ſteals a Kiſs,
When better ſhe would be Sped.
Snip go the Sciſſars, *Raſh* goes the Cloth;
But ſtill ſhe hath her Eye to the Dore,
Her Husband may ſing Cuckoo,
For ſhe will play the Whore.

A SAYLOR.

AND of all Occupations
That ever yet were named;
Saylors they be Gentlemen,
For ſo they muſt be named;
For they Sayl far and near
Their Country to advance,
They Sayl againſt the Foaming Seas
In danger of Miſchance.

Hero

Here blow the Gales, down go the Sayls,
'Tis too late to call to his Wife;
They ſplit themſelves upon the Rocks
In hazard of their Life.

A BEGGAR.

OF all Occupations
Begging is the beſt;
For whenſoever he is weary,
He may lay him down to reſt. (care
For however the World goes, they never take
And whatever they beg or get,
They ſpend in good fare.
Up goes the Staff, down goes the Wallet,
To the Ale-houſe they go with ſpeed,
They ſpend many a Pot, without care for the ſhot.
'Tis the beſt Occupation indeed;
One has his Doxie; another is almoſt Poxie;
They have ſtill a penny at need,
They drink many a Pot, without care for the ſhot
This is the beſt Trade indeed.
With a hey down derry, they'l be full merry,
Though the Man ſhould ſtand at the Dore;
When their Money is done
They'l ha more before Noon,
Or Drink upon the Score.

Who lives ſo merrily in all the Land,
As does the poor Widow that ſells her Land?
Chorus.

Chorus.

And ever she sings
As I can guess,
Will you buy any Land, any Land Mistress.

The *Broom-Man* makes his Living most sweet,
With carrying of Brooms from Street to Street.
Cho. *Who would desire*
A pleasanter thing
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing?

The *Chimny Sweeper* all the long day,
He Sings, and he Sweeps the Soot away,
Cho. *Yet when he comes home*
Although he be weary,
With his pretty sweet Wife, he maketh full Merry.

The *Cobler* he sits Cobling till Noon,
And Cobbles his Shoes till they be done;
Cho. *Yet doth he not fear,*
And so doth say,
But his work will hold him tug many a Day.

The *Merchant-Man* he doth Sayl on the Seas,
And lies on the Ship-board with little Ease.
Cho. *For always he doubts*
The Rocks are near;
How can he be Merry and make good Chear?

The

The *Husband-Man* all day goeth to Plow,
And when he comes home he ſerveth his Sow.
Chorus.
He moyleth and toyleth
All the long Year;
How can he be merry, and make good Chear?

The *Serving-Man* waiteth from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Either blowing his Nails, or beating his Feet;
Cho. *Yet all that he ſerves for*
Four Angels a year,
'Tis impoſſible, 'tis impoſſible to make good Chear.

Who liveth ſo merry and maketh ſuch ſport,
As thoſe who be of the poorer ſort.
Cho. *The Pooreſt ſort*
Wherever they be,
They gather together by one two and three.
The Pooreſt ſort
Wherever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.
And every Man will ſpend his Penny,
What makes ſuch a Shot among a great many?

A MEDLEY.

The Englisſh. I

LEt the Trumpetts ſound
And the Rocks rebound,
Our *Engliſh* Navy's coming;
Let the Nations ſwarm
And the Princes ſtorm,
We value not their drumming,
'Tis not *France* that looks ſo ſmugg
Old Faſhions ſtill renewing;
It is not the *Spaniſh* Shrug,
Scottiſh Capp, or *Iriſh Rugg*,
Nor the *Dutchmans* double Jugg,
Can help what is enſuing;
Pray my Maſters look about,
For ſomething is a brewing.

II

He that's a favorite, conſulting with Fortune,
The grow not wiſer, then he's quite undon,
A riſing creature we dayly ſee certainly,
He's a retreater that failes to go on.
He that in a builders trade
Stopps ere the Roof be made,
By the Air he may be betray'd
And over thrown;

He

He that hath a race begun,
And lets the Goale be-won,
He had better never run,
But let it alone.

III

Then plot rightly,
March ſightly;
Shew your glittering Armes brightly;
Charge titely,
Fight ſprightly;
Fortune gives renown;
A right riſer
Will prize her,
She makes all the world wiſer:
Still try her
We'l gain by her,
A Coffin or a Crown.

IV

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spainiard*
Come but to oppoſe us,
We will truſs them up at the Mainyard
If they once do but noſe us.
Hans, *Hans*, think upon thy Sinns,
And then ſubmit to *Spain* thy Maſter;
For though now ye look like friends,
Yet he will never truſt you after.
Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink;
And let the Tapp and Can run faſter;
For faith, at laſt I think
A Brewer will become your Maſter.

The Iriſh. V

Let not poor *Teage* and *Shone*
Vender from der Houſes;
Leaſt dey be quite undon
Inder very Trouzes.
And all der Orphans be ſtow'd under hatches;
And made in *London* ſtreet, der to cry matches.
St. *Patrick* with his harp too tun'd with all true ſtrings,
Is not fit to untie Sr. *Hewſons* ſhoo-ſtrings.

The Welſh. VI

Methinks I hear
The *Welſh* draw near,
And from each Lock a louſe tropps,
Apſhon ap *Lloyd*
Will ſpend her plood,
For to defend her Mouſe-trapps.
Mounted on her *Kiſtebagh*
With cood ſtore of *Keradagh*
The Prittiſh war begins;
With a hook her was over come her
Pluck her to her thruſt her from her;
By cott, her was break her ſhins.
Let Taffy fret
And Welſh hook whet
And troop up Petigree;
We onely tout
Tey will ſtink us out
Wit leekes and toſted Sheeze.

The Scotch. VII

But *Jockie* now and *Jenny* comes,
Our Brethren muſt approve ont;
For pret a cott, they beat der drumms
Onely to ſpeak de Covenant.
Dey Bore St *Andrews* Croſs,
Til our Army quite did rout 'em;
But when we put 'em to de loſs,
Te dee'l a Croſs about 'em,
The King and Covenant they crave,
Their cauſe muſt needs be further'd,
Although ſo many Kings they have
Moſt barbarouſly murther'd.

The French. VIII

THe *French-man* he will give conſent,
Though he trickle in our veins,
That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with grapes and graines:
He conquers us with kindneſs,
And doth ſo far entrench,
That fair and wiſe, and young and rich,
Are finified by the *French.*
He pretifies us with feathers and fanns,
With Petticoates doublets and hoſe;
And faith they ſhall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the noſe.

For love or for fear
Let Nations forbear;
If fortune exhibit a Crown,
A Coward he
Muſt ſurely be
That will not put it on.

The GELDING *of the* DEVIL.

A Merry jeſt I will you tell
Of the Gelding of the *Devil* of *Hell*;
And of the *Baker* of *Manſfield* Town:
To *Mancheſter* Market as he was bound,
And under a Grove of Willows clear,
The *Baker* was ſinging with luſtie chear,
Beyond the Willows their was a Well,
And there he met with the *Devil* of *Hell*.

Oh quoth the *Devil*, how chanceth that,
Thy *Horſe* he is ſo fair and fatt;
Good Sir quoth the *Baker*, by my fay,
Cauſe both his ſtones are cut away;
For he that is a Guelding free,
Both fat and luſtie he will bee:
Oh quo the *Devil* and ſay'ſt thou me ſo,
Thou ſhalt Geld me before thou doſt go.

The *Baker* had a knife of *Iron* and *Steel*
Where with he gelded the *Devil* of *Hell*,
'Twas sharp and pointed for the Nonce,
Fit for to carve all manner of Stones;
The *Baker* he lighted from off his Horse
And cut the *Devil's* Stones clear from his Arse,
Oh! quoth the *Devil*, beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart.

For gelding of me thou art not quit,
I mean to geld thee the same day sennet;
The *Baker* hearing the words he said,
In his heart was sore afraid:
He hy'd him unto the next Market Town,
To sell his Bread both White and Brown,
And when the Market was done that day
The *Baker* rode home another way.

And told his Wife how all befell,
How he had Gelded the *Devil* of *Hell*:
Strange words, quo he, I heard him say,
He would Geld me the next Market day.
Therefore, quo the *Baker*, I stand in doubt.
Uds bobbs, I'de rather his Eys were out,
I'de rather thou shouldst break thy neck bone
Then for to lose any manner of stone.

For why; it is a loathsome thing,
And every man will call thee *Gelding*,

Thus they remained both in fear,
Untill the Market day drew near.
Then, quo the Good-wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy doublet, and thy coat,
Thy hose and thy shoes and thy Capp also,
And I like a Man to the Market will go.

Then forth she hy'd her in all haste,
With her Bread upon her beast;
And when she came unto the Hill side,
There she saw two *Devils* abide.
A little *Devil* and another
Were playing like to Sister and Brother.
Oh, quo the *Devil*, without fain,
Yonders the *Baker*, go call him again.

Be thou real, *Baker*, or be thou wo,
I mean to Geld thee before thou dost go:
But these were the words the Woman did say,
Good Sir I was Gelt but yesterday.
Oh, quo the *Devil*, and that I will see,
And he pull'd her hose beneath her knee.
And looking upwards from the ground,
There he spy'd a most greivous wound.

Oh, quo the *Devil*, now I see
He was nothing cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut off thy Stones clean,
He should have sow'd up the hole again.

He call'd the Little *Devil* to him anon,
And bid him look to that ſame man,
While he did go to ſome private place,
To get ſome Salve in little ſpace.

The *Devil* was no ſooner gon his way;
But upon her belly there crept a Flea,
The little *Devil* ſoon eſpyed that,
He up with his paw and gave it a pat:
The woman for fear began to ſtart
And out ſhe thruſt a moſt horrible fart: (I ſay,
Hoop, hoop, quo the little *Devil*; come again
Here's another hole broke hard by, by my fay.

Baker quo the *Devil*, thou canſt not be ſound,
Thou ſmelleſt ſo ſoar above the ground;
Thy life and days they cannot be long,
Thy breath it ſavours ſo horrible ſtrong;
The hole is broke ſo near the bone
There will no ſalve well ſtick thereon;
Therefore Baker, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer ſtay.

The Song of the CAPPS.

THe Wit hath long beholding bin
Unto the *Cap* to keep it in.
Let now the wit fly out amain
With praiſe, to quit the *Cap* again;
The *Cap* that owes the higheſt part,
Obtain'd that place by due deſert.
For any Cap, what ere it be,
Is ſtill the badge of ſome degree.

The *Cap* doth ſtand, each man doth know,
Above the Crown, the Kings below;
The *Cap* is nearer heaven than we,
A greater ſign of Majeſtie,
When off the *Cap* we chance to take,
Both head and feet obeyſance make.
For any &c.

The Monmouth *Cap* the *Saylors* thrum;
And that wherein the Tradeſmen come,
The Phyſic, Law, the *Cap* divine;
And that which crowns the Muſes nine,

The

The *Capps* that fooles do Countenance,
The Goodly *Cap* of Maintenance.
For any &c.

The Sickly *Cap* both plain and wrought,
The Fudling *Cap*, however bought,
The quilted, furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin,
For which ſo many pates learn *Lattin*;
The Cruel *Cap*, the Fuſtian Pate,
The Periwigg, a *Cap* of late.
For any &c.

The Souldiers that the Monmouth wear
On Caſtle topps their Enſignes wear;
The Saylors with their Thrum do ſtand
On higher place than all the Land;
The Tradeſmans *Cap* aloft is born,
By vantage of ſome ſay his horn
Thus any &c.

The Phyſic *Cap* to duſt may bring
Without controule the greateſt King,
The Lawyers *Cap* hath heavenly might
To make a crooked cauſe ſtand right,
Which being round and endleſs, knows
To make as endleſs any cauſe.
Thus any Cap &c.

Both Eaſt and Weſt, and North and South
Where ere the Goſpell finds a mouth,

The *Cap* divine doth thither look;
The ſquare-like Scholar's add their book,
The reſt are round but this is ſquare,
To ſhew their hands more ſtable are.
Thus every Cap &c.

The Motley *Cap* a Man may weare
Which makes him fellow for a peare;
And 'tis no ſlender part of Witt
To act a foole where great Men ſit.
But oh the *Cap* of London Town
'Tis Like, I wiſs the Gyants Crown.
This every Cap &c.

The Sickmans *Cap* not wrought with Silk
Is like Repentance white as Milk.
When Hats in Church drop off in haſt,
This Hat now leaves the head unca'ſt.
The Sickmans *Cap*, if wrought can tell;
Though he be ill, his State is well.
Thus &c.

The fudling *Cap* by *Bacchus* might
Turns Night to Day, and Day to Night,
And *Jove*-like makes proud heads to bend,
And lowly facts makes to aſcend;
It makes men higher than before,
By ſeeing double all their ſtore.
This &c.

This

This bounds the world within the brain
And makes a Monarch of a ſwain;
When it is on our heads we be
Compleatly armed Cap-a-pe.
The furr'd and quilted *Cap* of age
Can make a mouldie proverb ſage.
Thus every Cap &c.

The Sattin and the Velvet hive
Unto a Biſhoprick do drive,
Nay when a file of *Caps* y' are ſeen in,
A ſquare *Cap*, this, and then a Linnen,
This triple *Cap* may raiſe ſome hope,
If fortune ſmile to be a Pope.
Thus every Cap &c.

Though Fuſtian *Caps* be ſlender wear,
The head is of no better gear.
The Cruel *Cap* is knit like hoſe
For them whoſe zeal takes cold in noſe;
Whoſe purity does think it meet
To cloath alike the head and feet.
This Cap would fain but cannot be
The only ſign of ſome degree.

The Periwigg, oh! that declares,
The riſe of Fleſh, but fall of hairs.
And none but grandees can proceed,
So far in ſin that this they need

Before

fore their Prince, who cover'd are,
nd only to themſelves go bare.
This Cap of all the Caps that be
Is now the ſign of High degree.

The NOSE.

THree merry Lads met at the *Roſe*,
To ſpeak the praiſes of the *Noſe*,
he *Noſe* which ſtands in the middle ſpace
ets out the beauty of the face;
he *Noſe* with which we have begun,
Will ſerve to make our verſes run.
Invention often barren grows,
But ſtill there's matter in the Noſe.

he *Noſe* is of ſo high a priſe
hat men prefer it before their eyes.
nd no man counts him for his friend,
hat boldly takes his *Noſe* by the end,
he *Noſe* that like *Euripus* flows,
he ſea that did the wiſe man Poſe.
Invention &c.

The

The flat, the sharp, the Roman *Nose* snout,
The Hawk *Nose* circl'd round about,
The Crooked *Nose* that stands awry;
The Ruby *Nose* of scarlet dye,
The brazen *Nose* without a face,
That doth the learned Colledge grace.
Invention &c.

The long *Nose*, when the teeth appear,
Shews what's a Clock, if day be clear;
The broad *Nose* stands in Buckler place,
And takes the blows from off the face;
The *Nose*, being plain, without a ridge
Will serve sometimes to make a bridge.
Invention &c.

The short *Nose* is the Lovers bliss,
Because it hinders not a kiss,
The toating *Nose* is a monstrous thing,
That's he that did the bottle bring;
And he that brought the bottle hither,
Will drink, ô monstrous out of measure.
Invention &c.

The fiery *Nose* in lanthorns stead,
Will light its Master to the bed;
And whosoere that treasure owes,
Growes poor in purse, though rich in *Nose*.

The Brazen Nose that's o're the Gate,
Maintains full many a *Latin* Pate.
Invention, &c.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
And thinks it more than is enough;
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such Noses had been there,
But if there be we need not care,
A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.
Invention now is Barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.

In Praise of the B E A R D.

THe Beard thick or thin,
On the Lip or the Chin,
Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
That her silence
In the Beards defence,
May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing
That commands in a King,
And his Scepter ne're so fair;

Where

Where the Beard bears the ſway,
The People obey,
And are Subject to a Hair;

'Tis a Princely ſight,
And a grave Delight,
That Adorns both Young and Old.
A well thatch'd Face
Is a comely Grace,
And a ſhelter from the cold.

When the piercing North
Comes bluſtring forth,
Let a Barren face beware;
For a trick it will find
With a Razor of Wind
To ſhave the Face that's bare.

But there's many a Nice
And ſtrange Device,
That doth the Beard diſgrace,
But he that is in
Such a fooliſh Sin,
Is a Traytour to his face.

Now of Beards there be
Such a Company,
And faſhions ſuch a throng,

That 'tis very hard
To handle a Beard,
Though it be ne're so long.

The *Roman* T
In its Bravery,
Doth first it self discloſe,
But ſo high it turns
That oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Noſe.

The *Stilletto* Beard,
Oh! It makes me a feard,
It is ſo ſharp beneath;
For he that doth place
A Dagger in his Face,
What wears he in his Sheath?

But methinks I do itch
To go thorough Stitch,
The Needle Beard to attend.
Which without any wrong,
I may call too along,
For no Man can ſee its end.

The Souldiers Beard
Doth march in, Shear'd
In figure like a Spade,

With which he'l make
His Enemies quake,
And think their Graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke
On the Judges Cheek
Shall not my Verſe deſpiſe,
It is more fit
For a Nutmeg, yet
It graces poor Priſoners Eyes.

What doth inveſt
A Biſhops Breaſt,
But a Milk-white ſpreading Hair?
Which an Emblem may be
Of Integrity
Which doth inhabit there.

I have alſo ſeen
On a Womans Chin,
A hair or two to grow.
But alas, the Face
Is too cold a place,
Then look for a Beard below.

But oh! let us tarry
For the Beard of King *Harry*,
That grows about the chin,

With his bushy pride,
And a Grove on each side,
And a Champain ground between.

Last the Clown doth rush
With his Beard like a Brush,
Which may be well endur'd,
For though his Face
Be in such a Case,
His Land is well manur'd.

St. George for ENGLAND.

WHy should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights?
Seeing so many Men have performed Fights.
Or why should we speak of *Lancelot du Lake*,
Or Sir *Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies sake?
Read old Stories and you shall plainly see,
How St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon made to flee.
St. George *he was for* England.
St. Denis *was for* France,
Sing Hony soit, qui mal y pense.

To speak of the Monarchies it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excel,
Hannibal and *Scipio*, they many a field did fight,
Orlando Furioso, he was a Valiant Knight,

Romulus and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did
build;
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he hath kil'd.
St. George, *&c.*

Jeptha and *Gideon*, they led their Men to fight,
The *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites* they put them all
to flight,
Hercules's Valour was in the Vale of *Bass*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw Bone
of an Ass,
And when he was blind, pull'd the Temple to
the ground,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the *Dragon* did confound.
St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orson*, they came of *Pepins* Blood,
Alfred and *Aldred*, they were brave Knights and
good,
The four Sons of *Ammon*, that fought with *Charlemain*,
Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bolaign*,
These were all *French* Knights, who the *Pagan*
did Convert,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd out the *Dragon*'s
Heart.
St. George, *&c.*

Henry the fift, he Conquered all *France*,
He quartered their Arms, his Honour to advance.
He

He raced their *walls*, and pull'd their *Cities* down,
And he garnish'd his Head, with a double triple Crown.
He thumped the *French*, and after home he came;
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he made tame.
St. George &c.

St. *Taffee* you know, loves leeks and toasted Cheese,
But *Jason* was the man brought home the Golden *Fleece*,
St. *Patric*, you know, he was St. *Georges* boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him away,
For which knavish act, a slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St *George* the Dragon he hath slain,
St. George &c.

Tamberlain the Emperour in Iron Cage did crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town;
Scanderbeg magnanimous *Mahomets Bassa's* did dread,
Whose victorious bones were worn when he was dead,
His *Beglerbegs* he scorns like dregs, *George Castriot* he was call'd;
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he hath mauld.
St. George &c.

Ottaman the Tartar, he came of Persian race;
The Great *Mogull*, with his chests full of clove
and eke of Mace;
The Grecian youth *Buchephalus* he madly
bestride;
But these, with all the worthies nine, St. *Geo*
he did deride;
Gustavus Adolphus, was *Sweedlands* warlike King
But St. *George* St. *George* pull'd forth the Dragon
sting.
St. *George* &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwallader* of *Brittish* blood d
boast,
Though *John* of *Gaunt*, his foes did daunt, S
George shall rule the roast;
Agamemnon, *Cleomedon* and *Macedon* did feates
But compared to our Champion, they were bu
meerly cheats;
Brave *Malta* Knights, in *Turkish* fights, thei
brandish'd swords out drew;
But St. *George* met the Dragon, and ran hi
through and through.
St. George &c.

Bidia the Amazon, *Porus* overthrew,
As feiree as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarazen* or *Jew*,
The Potent *Holofernes* as he lay on his bed,
(In came wife *Judith* and stole away his head)

Brav

ave *Cyclops* ſtout with *Jove* he fought,
although they ſhowrd down Thunder;
t St. *George* kill'd the Dragon, and was not
that a wonder?
St. George &c.

ark Anthony, I'le warrant ye, play'd feats with
Egypts Queen;
Eglamore that Valiant Knight the like was
never ſeen;
im *Gorgons* might was known in fight, old *Bevis*
moſt men frighted,
he *Mirmidons* and *Preſter John*, why were not
thoſe men Knighted.
ave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Naſſaw* did it recover,
t St. *George* met the Dragon, and turn'd him
over and over.

St. George *he was for* England
St. Dennis *was for* France;
Sing Hony ſoit qui mal y penſe.

The OLD COURTIER.

With an old ſong made by an old ancient pate
Of an old worſhipfull Gentleman, that had a great Eſtate,
Which kept an old Houſe at a Bountifull rate,
And an old Porter to releive the Poor at his Gate;

Like an Old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With an Old Lady whoſe Anger good words aſſwages,
Who every Quarter payes her old ſervants their wages,
Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Footmen nor Pages;
But kept twenty old fellows with blew coat badges,

Like an old Courtier, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned Books,
With an old reverend Parſon, you may judge him by his looks.

With

With an old Buttery hatch worn quite off the hookes,
And an old Kitching, that maintains half a dozen old Cooks,
Like an old &c.

With an old Hall hung about with Guns Pikes and Bows,
With old swords and bucklers that have born many shrewd blows,
And an old frize coat to cover his worships trunk hose,
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper nose,
Like an old &c.

With an old fashion when Christmas is come
To call in his neighborhood with Pike and Drum;
And good chear enough to furnish every old room
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak and a man dumb:
Like an old &c.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer and a kennel of Hounds;
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own Grounds;

Who

Who like an old wise man kept himself within
his own bounds:
And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thousand
old pounds.
Like an old Courtier &c.

But to his eldest son, his house and land he (assign'd;
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind;
To love his good old Servants, and to his
Neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how
he was enclin'd,
Like a young Courtier &c.

Like a Young Gallant newly come to his land
That keeps a brace of Whores at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his own
Land;
And lyes drunk in a new Tavern, till he can
neither go nor stand;
Like a young &c.

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
That never knew what belong'd to good house
keeping or care;
But buyes several Fans to play with the wanton
Air; (mens hair;
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other
Like a young &c.

With

With a New hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor wood,
And a ſhovelboard table ſmooth and red as blood,
Hung Round with Pictures that do the Poor ou good.

Like a young &c.

With a New Study ſtuft full of Pamphlets and Playes;
With a New buttery hatch that opens once in four or five days.

With a new *French* Cook to make Kicſhaws and Toyes,

Like a young &c.

With a New faſhion when Chriſtmas is come
With a new journey up to London we muſt be gon,
And leave nobody at home but our New Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a Thump of the back with a ſtone.

Like a young Courtier &c.

With a Gentleman Uſher whoſe carriage is compleat;
With a Footman, Coachman and Page to carry meat;

With

With a waiting Gentlewoman whose dressing is very neat;
Who when the Master has din'd, lets the servants not eat.

Like a young &c.

With a new Honour bought with the Servants old Gold;
That many of his Fathers old Mannors had sold;
And this is the occasion that most men do hold
That good House keeping is now grown so cold.

Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
Or the Kings young Courtier.

The NEW SOULDIER.

With a new Beard but lately trimm'd,
With a new lovelock neatly kemm'd,
With a new favour snatch'd or nimm'd;
With a new doublet, French like trimm'd;
And a new gate, as if he swimm'd;

Like a new Souldier of the Kings
And the Kings new Souldier.

With

With new feather in his Cap;
With new white bootes, without a ſtrap;
And a newly pay'd for, by great hap;
With a new Quean upon his lap;
And a new brat that nere eat pap;
Like a new &c.

With a new hat without a band.
With a new Office without land,
With all his fingers on his hand,
With a new face at *Plimouth* tan'd,
And a new horſe already pawn'd;
Like a new &c.

With a new Caſſock lin'd with Cotton,
With cardecues to call his pot in,
With a new gun that nere was ſhot in,
Under a new Captain very hot in
A new Command, and hardly gotten
Like &c.

With a new headpeice ſhot, nere hit,
With a new head of Greeniſh wit;
With new ſhirts without louſe or nit,
With a new band not torn as yet,
With a new ſpear and very fit,
Like &c.

With a new jacket made of Buff,

With new sleeves of *Spanish stuff*;
With a new belt of leather enough;
With new tobacco pipes puff;
And a new brawl to take in stuff
Like &c.

He's newly come to sixteen years,
And gone abroad with his mothers tears;
With his Monmouth Cap about his ears;
With new bravado's void of feares;
And a new oath by which he sweares;
Like &c.

With a new nose that nere met foe,
With a new sword that nere struck blow;
With a new red breech, to make a show;
With a new Copper Lace or Two;
And new poynts on his wing also;
To a new Courtier he will go
To drink old Sack, and do no mo;
Like a new Souldier of the King
And the Kings new Souldier.

NAR-

NARCISSUS.

AS I was walking I cannot tell how;
Nor I cannot tell whither nor where;
I met with a crew, of I cannot tell who;
Nor I cannot tell what they were;
But Virgins I think; for they cry'd,
Narcissus, come Kiss us, and love us beside.

They Sung a fine Song of I cannot tell what,
Nor whither in verse or prose;
Nor knew I the meaning although they all sat
Even as it were under my nose;
But ever and anon they cry'd,
Narcissus, come kiss us and love us beside.

There came in a Lad, but I cannot tell whence,
With I cannot tell what in his hand,
It was a live thing that had little sence,
But yet it could lustily stand;
Then louder the Ladys they cry'd,
Narcissus come Kiss us and love us beside.

Some

Some ſhak'd it, ſome ſtroakd it, ſome Kiſſt it, 'tis
(ſaid;
—It look'd ſo lively indeed;
All hugg'd it as honey, and none were afraid
Becauſe of their bodily need.
And louder the Ladies they cry'd,
Narciſſus, come Kiſs us and love us beſide

At length he did put in this pretie fine toy
In I cannot tell where below,
Into one of the Ladyes, but I cannot tell why,
Nor wherefore it ſhould be ſo,
But in the mean time they all cry'd
Narciſſus, come Kiſs us and love us beſide.

The Lad being tir'd began to retreate,
And hung down his head like a flower,
The Ladies the more did deſire the feate,
But alaſs 'twas out of his power.
Then louder and louder they cryd,
Narciſſus, come Kiſs us and love us beſide.

I then did return I cannot tell how,
Nor what was in my mind;
Nor what elſe I heard I know not I vow,
Nor ſaw I, for Cupid is blind,
But only the Ladys ſtill cr'yd,
Narciſſus, come Kiſs us and love us beſide.

The

The TOBACCONIST.

YOu that in love do mean to ſport;
Tobacco, Tobacco;
Take a wench of the meaner ſort,
Tobacco, Tobacco;

But let her have a comly face,
Like one that comes of Venus Race,
Then take occaſion, Time and Place,
To give her ſome *Tobacco.*

Your Pipe with moyſture muſt abound,
Tobacco, Tobacco;
Your pellets muſt be plump and round;
Tobacco Tobacco.

For if that you do pleaſe her well
Tobacco, Tobacco;
All others then you ſhall excell;
Tobacco, Tobacco.

She will be ready at your call,
And take Tobacco, Pipe and all;
So ready will she be to fall,
To taſt your good Tobacco.

Your Stopper muſt be ſtiff and ſtrong,
It muſt be large and long;
Or elſe ſhe ſwears you do her wrong,
She ſcorns your weak *Tobacco*.

A LADIES PRAYER to CUPID.

SInce I muſt needs into thy School return,
Be pitiful O Love, and do not burn
Me with deſire of Cold and Frozen Age;
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page;
But gentle *Cupid*, give me if thou can,
One to my Love, whom I may call a Man;
Of Perſon Comely, and of Face ſweet,
Let him be ſober ſecret and diſcreet;
Well practis'd in Loves School; let him within
Wear all his Hair, and none upon his Chin.

A MEDLEY.

COme all you Mayds that list to Marry,
And you that Husbands want,
I wish you not long to tarry
For Husbands are grown scant.

Some are grown Provident,
And others all for Riches,
That well is she that is content
With the Linings of ones Breeches.

Breed up your Children to School
For that's the way to teach Youth,
And let them not play the Fool,
But let them consider the truth.

For Girls they will range about,
Oh how they will Caper and Kick;
And a Wench that is fifteen years old,
Good Lord how she longs for a P——.

Prick her out her work,
And let her Bone-Lace weave,
But when that you most think of them
They will you most deceive.

And you shall never gain a Penny
But still they will be plucking;
And think that they shall never have
Their Bellies full of F——

Furmety is dainty chear,
And Fish it must be spent Sir,
But he doth swear he'd rather have
The Belly of a W——

Wenches ye do me great wrong,
Which makes me the ruffer to wrinkle,
And had I not been very strong,
She had caught fast hold of my P——

Pinching doth not go by strength,
Therefore you must leave off Sir,
If you had seen her lie at length
Then you had seen brave sport Sir.

Brave *Jack* of *Winchester* had a fine Dog,
The finest that ever you see,
He gave it to his Mistress,
To bear her Company:

This Dog was used to run by her side,
When she was going to hunt;
And all the Night long it lay in her Bed,
A licking about her C——

Come

Come Husband away with this filthy Cur,
It makes my Fleſh to riſe;
He left off all, and to her did fall,
And ſlipt between her T——

Thine or mine, for a pint of Wine,
And wee'l have it for our Supper;
Had you but ſeen her ſtretch'd at length,
How ſtrongly he did F——

The JOVIAL TINKER.

THere was a Lady in the Land,
She lov'd a Gentleman,
She could not tell what excuſe to make
To have him now and then.

But ſhe writ a Letter to him,
And ſeal'd it with her hand,
And bid him become a Tinker
To clout both pot and pan.

And when he had the Letter,
Full well he could it read;

His Brass and eke his Budget,
He streight way did provide.

His Hammer and his Pincers,
And well they did agree,
With a long Club on his Back,
And orderly came he.

And when he came to the Lady's Gates
He knock'd most hastily,
Then who is there, the Porter said,
That knock'st thus ruggedly.

I am a *Jovial Tinker*,
And I work for Gold and Fee;
If you have any broken Brass,
Bring it hither to me.

I am the *Jovialst Tinker*
Between this Town and *London*,
At mending of a Pot or Pan,
Or Clouting of a Caldron.

My Brass is in my Budget,
And my Rivets under my Apron,
I pray you tell her Ladiship
I'me come to mend her Caldron.

Madam, yon is the strongest Tinker
Between this Town and *London*,

He

He pray's me tell your Ladiſhip
He's come to Clout your Caldron;

O go thy ways good Porter,
And let the Tinker in,
For I have work for him to do,
And Mony he may gain.

And when he came into the Hall,
Upon him ſhe did wink,
Says take him into the Buttery
And make the Knave to drink.

Such Meat as we do eat, ſhe ſays,
And ſuch Drink as I uſe;
For it is not any Tinkers Guize,
Good Liquor to refuſe.

She took the Tinker by the hand,
Her work for him to ſhew,
And down faſt by the Caldron ſide
Laid he the Lady low.

And gave to her a Hammer
All in her hand to knock;
That her own Wedded Lord might think
The Tinker was at work.

She put her hand into her Purſe
And pluckt out five good Mark;

Here take thee this, ſaid ſhe, good Tinker,
And for thy good days work.

She took the Tinker by the hand,
Her Wedded Lord to ſhew:
Said ſhe, here is the *Jovial'ſt Tinker*
That ever I did know.

This is the *Jovial'ſt Tinker*,
And the deareſt of his work,
For he'l not drive a Nayl to th' head,
But he muſt have a Mark.

If you had been ſo wiſe, Madam,
As I had thought y' had been,
Before you had ſet him at work,
You'd have agreed with him.

Pray hold your peace, good Wedded Lord,
Think not his work too dear;
For could you do it but half ſo well,
'Twould ſave forty Mark a Year.

And be not thou hence too long Tinker,
Nor look for any ſending,
For if thou ſtayſt too long away,
My Cauldron will want mending.

CUPIDS DIRECTIONS.

YOu young Men that want skill in woing,
And have a desire to be wed;
Take Counsel of me in your doing,
For fear that you should be missed.

Do not my proffer kind refuse
'Twill never you deceive,
'Twill teach you what Woman to choose,
And which you'd best to leave.

In the first place I do you advize
Take one not too high, nor too low,
But according to your own size,
That you may her true qualities know.

Take one not too young nor too old,
Take one not too fat, nor too lean;
'Tis a bad thing to meet with a Scold;
'Tis worse to meet with a Quean.

Nor take thee one that's too proud,
Nor one that's a dirty foul Slut,
The one she will babble too loud,
And the other will poyson the Gut.

Chiefly I would wiſh you beware
A Wench with a rowling Eye,
For ſhe that will couzen and ſwear,
Will alſo diſſemble and lie.

She that has her Hair a bright yellow
And treſſes like Wires of Gold,
If ſhe meet with ſome pretty Fellow,
Her Husband may chance be Cuckold.

But ſhe that's by nature compos'd
With round Cherry Cheeks and Red Hair,
If ſhe be pink ey'd and long Nos'd,
Believe it ſhe's dangerous ware.

It is not all Gold that doth gliſter,
Nor 'tis not all Lead that looks dull,
For *Venus* the faireſt of Siſters
Made *Vulcan* her Husband a Gull.

So oftentimes Beautiful Laſſes,
Do jeer their poor Husbands with ſcorn,
And cunningly break all their Glaſſes,
To make them drink out of a Horn.

But the bonny Wench with the brown brow,
Oh ſhe is a good one indeed,
She will be true to her Vow,
I wiſh we had more of the breed.

A

A MOCK-SONG.

OH Love whoſe Power and Might,
No Creature e're withſtood,
Thou forceſt me to Write,
Come turn about *Robin-Hood*.

Sweet Miſtreſs of my Heart,
Let me thus far preſume,
To make you this requeſt,
A Black Patch for the Rhume.

Grant Pity or I die,
Love ſo my Heart bewitches;
With Grief I howl and cry,
Oh how my Elbow itches.

Tears overflow mine Eyes
With Floods of daily weeping,
That in the ſilent Night,
I cannot reſt for ſleeping.

What is't, I would not do,
To purchaſe one poor Smile,

Oh

Oh bid me unto *China* go,
And I'le ſit ſtill the while.

Oh Women you will never leave
To think that Men will flatter,
I vow for ever you to love,
And yet it is no matter.

Cupid is blind they ſay,
But yet methinks he ſeeth,
He ſtruck my Heart to day,
A Turd in *Cupids* Teeth.

Her Treſſes that were wrought
Much like the Golden Snare,
My Loving Heart hath caught
As *Moſs* did catch his Mare.

But ſince that all Relief,
And Comfort do forſake me,
I'le kill my ſelf with Grief,
Nay then the Devil take me.

And ſince her graceful Merits,
My Loving Looks muſt lack,
I'le ſtop my Vital Spirits
With Claret and with Sack.

Marke well my wofull hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder;
Send down thy Thunder clap
And rend her Smock in sunder.

The ANSWER.

YOur Letter I received
Bedeckt with flourishing Quarters,
Because you are deceiv'd
Go hang your self in your Garters.

My beauty which is none,
Yet such as you protest
Doth make you sigh and grone,
Fie, fie you do but jest.

I cannot chuse but pity
Your restless mournfull teares,
Because your plaints are witty
You may go shake your eares.

To purchase your delight
No labor shall I leese,
Your pain I will requite,
Fetch him some bread and cheese.

'Tis

'Tis you I fain would ſee
'Tis you I daily think on ;
My looks as kind ſhall be,
As the Devils over *Lincoln*.

If ever I could clame
Great Joves lightning flaſhes,
I'de ſend my fierie flame
And burn thee into Aſhes.

I can by no meanes miſs thee,
But needs muſt have thee one day,
I prithee come and kiſs me,
Whereon I ſat on Sunday.

LOVE DESPIS'D

WHen Young folkes firſt begin to love
And undergo that Tedious Taske,
It cuts and ſcowers throughout the Powers,
Much like a Running glaſs

It is ſo full of ſudden joyes
Proceeding from the heart,
So many tricks, ſo many Toyes,
And all not worth a fart.

For

For *Venus* loved *Vulcan*
Yet she would lye with *Mars*.
If these be honest tricks my love
Sweet love come kiss mine A——

If that which I have writ
Be unmanerly in speech,
Yet when occasion serves to shite
'Twil serve to wipe your breech

Thus kindly and in curtesie
These few Lines I have written,
And now o love come kiss mine——
For I am all beshitten.

The BELLS *of* OXFORD.

OH the Merry *Christ-Church* Bells
One Two Three Four Five Six,
They toul so wondrous deep
So wondrous sweet
And they chime so merrily, merrily,
Hark the first and second Bell
That, every day, by four and ten,
Crys come, come, come, come to prayers
And the Virgers troop before the Dean,

Tincle

Tincle, tincle, goes the little Bell
To call the Students home,
But the Devil a man
Will leave his Can
Till he hears the mightie *Towle*.

The MOCK.

OH the merry Tinkers Crue
Will, Moll, Doll, Kate and Sue,
They drink ſo wondrous deep
So woundy deep
And they chatt ſo merrily merrily.
Hark! the bawling Bratts do cry
About the ſtreets as you paſs by,
Oh good Sir, pray Sir one Farthing,
And thus theſe Bantlings never lin:
Tincle, tincle, tincle goes the frying Pan
To call the Doxes home,
But the Devil a jade
Will leave her Trade
Till the mighty Tinker's come.

In Praise of BEAUTY.

FOols to themselves do riches prize;
Some, dazling greatness blind;
Beauty alone can charm our Eyes,
And love delight our mind.
Beauty alone &c.

What is the use of Wealth or Power,
By which we men subdue,
But not in order to gain more
And vanquish women too?
If not &c.

Beauty the flame of all delight
Without loves Life were vain,
Th'ambitious toyle, the valiant fight
For this, for this Kings raign.
Th'ambitious &c.

Who ere in these place their desires
Go right in Natures way;
All others are but wandring fires
That Lead mankind astray.

Bar-

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

HEre's that will Challenge all the Fair,
Come buy my Nuts, and Damzons, and
Burgamy Pears.
Here's the Whore of *Babylon* the Devil and the
Pope,
The Girl is just a going on the Rope,
Here's *Dives* and *Lazarus* and the Worlds Crea-
tion,
Heres the Tall *Dutch* Woman the like's not in the
Nation;
Here is the Booth where the *High-Dutch* Made is
Hear are the Bears that daunce like any Ladies;
Tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, says the little penny
Trumpet,
Here's *Jacob Hall* that does so jump it, jump it.
Sound Trumpet sound, for Silver Spoon and
Fork,
Come here's your dainty *Pig* and *Pork*.

The FAREWEL.

FArewel ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again,
The Pleasure of Possessing,
Surpasses all expressing,
But joy's too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a pain.
But Joy's, &c.

Too easie to deceive us
In pity of your pain,
But when you leave us
You ne're return again,
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she that once has try'd it
Will never love again.
But she that, &c.

The Passion you pretended
Was only to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.

Your Love by hours was easier
Till we have lost our Treasure;
But Dying is a Pleasure
When Living is a pain.
But Dying, &c.

LOVE in a DREAM.

HAil to Mighty *Venus*, at whose Shrine,
To offer up is my design,
A Virgin Rose, which blooming long,
Has rais'd those Wishes Love made strong,
And now I dare no longer stay,
But must thy great Commands obey.

Oh see the Youth, whose Conquering Charms
Have made me yield unto his Arms,
He comes, he comes, I can no more,
Yet in Loves Field must not give o're,
Methinks that glance shot from his Eyes
Confirm'd my Soul Loves Sacrifice.

Oh me! I sigh but all in vain,
Till Loves strong Cordial ease my pain,
Then Gallant Youth make haste away,
What means this light delay?

That unreguarded Sacred Fire
Upon Loves Altar muſt expire.

Oh now methinks I have him faſt,
And me tranſporting Moments waſt,
Methinks we in each other Breath
Our melted Souls, and ſo bequeath
The Manual Portions of fair Love,
Yet oh me thinks too weak they prove.

DICK *and* NELLY.

WHither away my own *Dick*,
And whither away ſo late?
I'me going to ſee my *Nelly*,
So wee'l as I ken the Gate.
So wee'l as I know the Yate,
Yet better I ken the Gin.
For let me come early or late
My *Nelly* will let me in.

No ſooner is he got in,
But a Pudding's at the Fire,
Not one bit *Dickey* will eat
Till *Nelly* has done his deſire.

For *Dickey* he knew the way
To open his *Nelly*'s Gin;
And if he came early or late,
His *Nelly* would let him in.

Then *Dickey* he woo'd his *Nelly*,
And she began to smile,
He stroak'd her over the Belly,
And *Nelly* he did beguile.
For *Dickey* was grown so cunning
To open his *Nelly*'s Gin,
That when he came early or late,
His *Nelly* would let him in.

To a BRIDE.

BLush not redder than the Morning,
Though Virgins give you warning,
Sigh not at the Chance befel you,
Though they smile and dare not tell you.
Sigh, &c.

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill and Murmur in their Wooing,

That

That like you, they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubl'd Joys diſſemble.
That like you, &c.

Graſp the pleaſure while 'tis coming,
Whilſt your Beauties are in Blooming,
Leaſt old time your Joys do ſever,
Ah then they part, they part for ever.
Leaſt, &c.

The RESOLV'D LOVER.

IN vain Cruel Nymph you my Paſſion deſpiſe,
And ſlight a poor Lover that Languiſhing dies;
Though Fortune my Name with no Titles endow'd,
Yet fierce is my Paſſion, and warm is my blood;
Delay in Affections exalts an Amour,
For he that loves often, will ſooneſt give o're.

But Vigorous and Young, I'le flee to thy Arms,
Infuſing my Soul in Elyſium of Charms,
A Monarch I'le be when I lie by thy ſide,
And thy pretty hand my Scepter ſhall guide,
Till cloy'd with delight, you confeſs with a Joy,
No Monarch ſo happy ſo pleaſant as I.

A SCOTCH SONG.

IN *January* laſt on *Munnonday* at Morn,
As along the Fields I paſt to view the Winter Corn,
I leaked me behind, and ſaw come o're the Knough,
Yean glenting in an Apron with a Bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow fair Maid, and ſhe right courteouſle,
Bekt lew and ſine kind Sir, ſhe ſaid, gud day agen to yee.
I Spear'd o her, fair Maid quo I, how far intend ye now?
Quo ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny Brough.

Fair Maid, I'me weel content to ha ſike Compance,
For I am ganging out the Gate, that ye intend to be;
When we had walk'd a mile or twa, I ſaid to her, my Dow,
May I not light your Apron ſine, kiſs your bonny Brow?

Nea,

Nea, gud Sir, you are far miſtean, for I am nean
o' thoſe,
I hope ye have more breeding then to light a
Womans Cloaths,
For I've a better Chozen then any like as you,
Who boldly may my Apron light and kiſs my
bonny Brow.

Nay gif you are contracted I have no more to
ſay,
Rather then be rejected, I will give o're the
play;
And I will chooſe yean o' my own that ſhall not
on me rew,
Will boldly let me light her Apron, kiſs her
bonny Brow.

Sir I ſee you are proud hearted, and loath to be
ſaid nay,
You need not tall a ſtarted for eaight that I did
ſay;
You knaw, wemun for Modeſty no at the firſt
time bow,
But gif we like your Company, we are as kind
as You.

SILVANDER *ADVIS'D.*

UNder the Branches of a ſpreading Tree,
Silvander ſate from care and danger free;
And his Inconſtant roving humour ſhews,
To his dear Nymph that ſung of Marriage Vows.
But ſhe with flowing Graces, charming Air,
Cry'd fie, fie, my Dear give o're,
Ah! Tempt the Gods no more,
But thy offence with Penitence repair, (Arms,
For though Vice in a Beauty ſeem ſweet in thy
An Innocent Vertue has always more Charms.

Ah, *Philida*, the angry Swain reply'd,
Is not a Miſtreſs better than a Bride?
What Man that Univerſal Yoke retains,
But meets an hour to ſigh and curſe his Chains?
She ſmiling cry'd, change, change that Impious
Mind, (Love,
Without it we could prove not half the Joys of
'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Joys Divine;
For all our Life long we from Scandal remove,
And at laſt fall the Trophies of Honour and
Love.

SONG.

SONG.

AH *Cloris*, that I now could sit,
As unconcern'd, as when,
Your Infant Beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the Dawn us'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay
Like Metals in the Mine;
Age from no Face took more away
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms Insensibly,
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my Bosom rest.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,

Still

Still as his Mother favour'd you
Threw a new flaming Dart.

Each glory'd in their wanton part;
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his Art;
To make a Beauty, ſhe.

Though now I ſlowly bend to love
Uncertain of my Fate,
If your fair ſelf my Chains approve,
I ſhall my Freedom hate.

Lovers like Dying Men may well
At firſt diſorder'd be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What Fortune they muſt ſee.

True PLEASURES.

LEt ſome great Joys pretend to find
In empty Whimſies of the Mind,
For nothing to the Soul can come
Till the uſhering Senſes make it room;

Nor

Nor can the Mind be e're at eaſe,
Unleſs you firſt the Body pleaſe.
Life is, what e're vain Man may doubt,
But taking in and putting out.
Since Life's but a Span
Live as well as you can,
Let none of it paſs without pleaſure;
But puſh on your ſtrength,
Of what Life wants in length
In the breadth you muſt make up the meaſure.

All ſolid Pleaſures fops lay by,
And ſeek they know not what nor why;
Imperfect Images they enjoy,
Which Fancy makes, or can deſtroy;
Who in immaterial things delight,
Dream in the Day as well as Night.
In that how can they pleaſures take,
Of which no Image thought can make?
Since Life's, &c.

In vain no moment then be ſpent,
Fill up the little Life that's lent,
Feaſts, Muſick, Wine, the Day poſſeſs,
The Night, Love, Youth, and Beauty bleſs,
The Senſes now in parcels treat,
Then all together by the Great;
No empty ſpace in Life be found,
But one continu'd Joy go round.
Since Life's, &c.

The

The OWL.

THou grief of my Heart, and thou Pearl of my Eyes,
D'on on Flannel Petticoat quickly, and riſe;
And from thy reſplendent Window diſcover
A Face that wou'd mortifie any Young Lover,
For I like great *Jove* transformed do woe,
Like an Amorous Owl, to witt to woo, to witt to woo.

A Lover adz-zoz, is a ſort of a Tool
That of all things you beſt may compare to an Owl,
For in ſome dark Shades he delights ſtill to ſit;
And all the Night long he cries *woe to witt*,
Then riſe my bright *Cloris*, and do'n thy ſlip Shoe,
And hear thy fond Owl, chan't, Witt to woo, Witt to woo.

His

His MISTRESS *Undreſt.*

I.

I Found my *Celia* one Night undreſs'd,
A pretious Banquet for Languiſhing Love,
The Charming Object a Flame increaſt,
Which never, O, never till then I prov'd.
Her delicate Skin and Starry eye,
Made me a ſecret Bliſs purſue,
But with her ſoft hand, ſhe ſtill put it by,
And Cry'd, fie *Amintor*, what would you do?

II.

Her Words and Bluſhes ſo fir'd my Heart,
I pull'd her to me and claſp'd her round;
And though with cunning ſhe play'd her part,
Yet fainter and fainter her Threats I found.
But when I leaſt thought on her, leaſt I deſir'd
My Love a forbearance ſhould allow,
A touch of her hand my Heart ſo inſpir'd,
My Paſſion was melted I know not how.

III.

Which when fair *Celias* quick Eye perceiv'd,
And found by my Calmneſs my Paſſion decay,
Her fate ſhe inwardly ſeem'd to grieve,
That fool'd her and cool'd her ſo baſe a way.

She

She sigh'd and look pale to see me dull,
And in her Heart this Oath she swore,
She never again would slight an Address,
Nor the Critical Minute refuse no more.

JEALOUSIE Complain'd of.

I.

AH *Coridon*, in vain you boast,
You still do *Cloris* Love;
For better 'twere your Heart were lost
Than thus Suspicious prove;
You then would kill me by disdain,
But dying thus you blot my Name,
For all will say
Cloris was false and went astray,
Cloris was false and did deserve her shame.

II.

For happy Shepherd well you know,
Your Fame does mine excel,
All Generous *Coridon* do know,
But none my Tale can tell;
Cloris though true, must lose that name,
But *Coridon* will keep his Fame,
For all will say,
Cloris was false and went astray,
Cloris was false and did deserve her shame.

III.

III.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear,
That I am dead indeed;
I do believe you'l ſhed a Tear,
Though now you have decreed
That *Cloris* muſt loſe that Name,
For *Coridon* to keep his Fame.
And then you'l ſay,
Cloris was true and ne're did ſtray,
Cloris was true, and I deſerve her Shame.

SONG.

I.

SMiling *Phillis* has an Air,
So ingaging, all Men love her,
But her hidden Beauty's are,
Wonders I dare not diſcover;
So bewitching that in vain
I endeavour to forget her,
Still ſhe brings me back again,
And I dayly love her better.

II.

Beauty ſprings within her Eyes,
And from thence is always flowing,
Every Minute doth ſurprize
With freſh Beauty ſtill alliurng;

Were

Were she but as kind as fair
Never Earth had such a Creature;
But I die with Jealous care,
And I dayly love her better.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

JOy to the Bridegroom, fill the Skies,
With pleasing sounds of welcom Joys,
Joy to the Bride, a lasting Bliss,
And every day may prove like this.

You that enjoy the Beauteous Fair,
Be true to Love, and Nuptial care;
For that which plagues a Woman most
Is when her Expectation's crost.

Never was Marriage Joy divine,
But when that both in one combine,
He that proves false himself does cheat,
Like Sick, that tast, but cannot eat.

What is a Maiden-head, O what?
Of which weak Fools so often prate?
Oh! 'Tis a Virgins Pride and Boast,
That nere was found but when 'twas lost.

S A W.

SAVVNIES *NEGLECT.*

Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better then any eane,
But now he ligs by another Lass,
And *Sawney* will nere be my Love again.
I gave him a fine *Scotch* Sark and Band,
I gave him a House, and I gave him Land,
I let him angle in my Fish-Pond,
But *Sawney* will nere be my Love again.

I robb'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Nose-gays made to give *Sawney* eane,
He kiss't my Breast, and fain would he more,
Gud faith I thought him a Bonny eane.
He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
He Sigh'd and Languish'd to lig by me,
Yet *Sawney* will ne're be my Love again.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt Face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown;
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace
Of some leud Quean of *London* Town;

He gang'd, and he gave her Curds and Cream,
While I pure Saul, ſate ſighing at Heme,
Ize nere joy'd *Sawney* but in a Dream,
And *Sawney* will ne're be my Love again.

SONG.

I Sigh't and I Writ,
And employ'd all my Wit,
And ſtill pretty *Silvia* deny'd;
'Twas vertue I thought,
And became ſuch a Sot,
I ador'd her the more for her pride.

Till mask'd in the Pit,
My Coy *Lucrece* I met,
A croud of Gay Fops held her play,
So brisk and ſo free,
With her ſmart Repartee,
I was cur'd and went bluſhing away.

Poor Lovers miſtake
The Addreſſes they make
With Vowes to be Conſtant and True;

Though

Though all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates muſt ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble agen.

GOOD NATURE at Length.

CLoris! I come to learn my Fate:
To Love we are accus'd,
Who mad to ſee his Power and State,
By eaſie Mirth abus'd,

Has from thy Eyes a Real Dart
Into my Breaſt Convey'd,
And now tormented by the ſmart,
I come to thee for Aid:

Since you ſo long did feed my Flame,
Till in my Heart you raign'd;
Since you did know, and did not blame
My Paſſion that was faign'd;
Condemn not with your Cruel Frown
The ſtory of my Fate,
It is Injuſtice to diſown
The Love you did create.

Why ſhould you now refuſe to hear
What once you did invite?
If Love, when dreſs't in Truth, appear
Leſs able to delight,
Let me in jeſt Loves pleaſure taſt,
I never will complain,
So the deluding Cheat may laſt,
I'le nere love Truth again.

Thus *Damon* woo'd but all in vain,
She ſtill was more unkind,
His Vows could no belief obtain,
No pity could he find.
But when he ceas'd to be her Slave,
And all her Scorn repay'd,
The Nymph relented, and ſhe gave
What ſhe ſo long delay'd.

A RANT.

DOwn with this Love, that has made ſuch a Pother,
This *Jack* with a Lanthorn that leads us a round;
Till with dull Marriage we cheat one another,
For Joys that do vaniſh as ſoon as they're found.
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your tricks ſhall not paſs,
Wee'l change no more Gold, nor good Stones for your Glaſs.

While ſo ſeverely you rail at the Pleaſure,
And kill the poor Lover that's at your Command,
Like Doctors you turn your hands from the Treaſure,
But oh! how you graſp what is put in your hand?
Repent, &c.
Wee'l change, &c.

When the ſhort Minute we ſigh'd for is over,
The Nymph is more brisk and more kind than before,

But oh! how dejected and dull is her Lover;
To find all his Paſſions can purchaſe no more
Repent, &c.
Wee'l change, &c.

SONG.

COme all you pale Lovers that ſigh and complain,
While your Beautiful Tyrants but laugh at your pain,
Come practiſe with me
To be happy and free,
In ſpight of Inconſtancy Pride or Diſdain,
I ſee and I Love, and the Bliſs I enjoy,
No Rival can leſſen, nor Envy deſtroy.

My Miſtreſs ſo fair is, no Language or Art
Can deſcribe her Perfection in every part,
Her meen's ſo gentile,
With ſuch eaſe ſhe can kill;
And each look with new Paſſion Encaptives my Heart.
I ſee, &c.

Her

Her Smiles are the Meſſage of Love from her
Eyes,
When ſhe frowns 'tis from others her flame to
diſguiſe,
Thus her Scorn or her Spight,
I Convert to Delight
As the Bee gathers Honey where-ever it flies.
I ſee, &c.

My Vows ſhe receives from her Lover unknown,
And I fancy kind Anſwers although I have none;
How Bleſt ſhould I be,
If our Hearts did agree,
Since already I find ſo much pleaſure alone.
I ſee, &c.

The RESOLVE.

SInce *Celia*'s my Foe,
To a Deſart I'le go
Where ſome River
For ever,
Shall eccho my Woe.

The Trees ſhall appear
More relenting than her,
In the morning
Adorning
Each leaf with a Tear.

When I make my ſad mone
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow
Will follow
Some pittifull grone.

But with ſilent diſdain
She requites all my pain
To my mourning
Returning
No anſwer again

Ah! *Celia* adieu;
When I ceaſe to purſue;
Youle diſcover
No lover
Was ever ſo True.

Your ſad Shepherd flies
From thoſe dear cruel eyes,
Which not ſeeing
His being
Decayes, and he dyes.

Yet 'tis better to run
To the Fate we can't ſhun
Than for ever,
To ſtrive for,
What cannot be won.
What ye Gods have I done?
That *Amintor* alone
Is ſo treated
And hated
For loving but one.

The MODISH LOVER.

AT laſt I find tis in vain to beleive,
The Coy or the Kind any cure can give;
To a heart that to love does encline,
Like mine,

Frnition is but a Repreive.
I thought my firſt flame
Would ſtill be the ſame
If *Cloris* could love; oh! I'de ever be true;
But love is ſo blind
When *Cloris* was kind
I chang'd for leſs beauty to me that was New.

I felt again th e pleaſure and ſmart
The joy and the pain which captives the heart,
And as many true Oathes as before
I ſwore
From *Phillis* I never would part;
The next prettie face
Got *Phyllis's* place,
Which my vows and my paſſion as hotly purſu'd;
The next did appear,
As charmly as her,
And thus are my Torments for ever renew'd.

When I love one who thinks ſhe's above
Loves ſacred Throne, whom nothing can move,
Who thinks it is great to appear
Severe,
And ſlight the ſoft pleaſures of love;
I flye for releif
To the next prettie Theif,
And to quench my hot flame I ſeek a new fire,
But never could meet
That Beauty or Wit
Whoſe love or diſdain could confine my deſire.

All things of courſe to change do ſubmit
Ore rul'd by force, by Fortune or Wit:
Then how can a Lover compell
His will,
When Beauty and Fate won't permit?

Where love does invite,
Ile seek my delight,
And give the same freedom to her I adore,
Tho many pretend,
Their flame can nere end,
That Woman's deceiv'd that beleives any more.

The RIVALL.

INsult not too much, on thy fading success;
For all that thou hast, I before did possess;
I know my fair *Rivall*, how happy thou art,
I know all the secret delights of thy heart,
To tempt thee, those pleasures were taken from me,
And to please some new Beauty, he'l take 'em from thee.

When first thy ambition was flatterd, how sweet?
How dazling was power and wealth at thy feet?
How dear were the Minutes when passion was young,
And playd with the languishing eyes and the tongue?

What

What follow'd, ye Gods, I remember too well,
Such pleaſures, ſuch pleaſures no tongue can reveal.

But e're long thy fond heart and ſad eyes will deplore
That coldneſs and ſcorn I lamented before,
Thy beauty and humour that makes thee ſo fair
Will pine with pale envy and end in deſpair:
If then my loſt heart can its freedom regain,
More ſweet it will be o're thy Paſſion to raign.

I am free from the Pangs of deſire and hate,
I envy no Lovers their wretched Eſtate,
No wiſhes or feares, or falſe jealouſies, keep
My eyes on the rack, or affright my ſoft ſleep,
But ſafe on the ſhore, without paſſion, I ſee
Poor Lovers tormented and toſt on the ſea.

Ex-

EXPERIENCE.

BElieve me dear *Moll*,
For I've traded withall,
Thoſe of name and eſtate
That have made the Town prate
Of their many brave deeds and great forces;
When they come to the matter,
Are weaker than water,
And have nothing that that's ſtrong but their purſes.

With high jellys and broath
They make the blood froath,
Which creates a falſe fire
And a ſickly deſire;
They embrace her as if they could eat her;
Such eager hot flaſhes
Streight turn into aſhes
And deceive both themſelves and the Creature.

Mother Midnight gives this
For a Maxim to *Miſs*,
For thy Grandeur and Fame,
Keep a Cock of the Game,
But a tough brawney Dunghil to tread ye;

Let

Let the wealth of thy Cully
Provide for thy Bully;
Then his weapon will always be ready.

A RANT against CUPID.

THou damn'd perpetual peeviſh Folly,
Curſe of a quiet life,
Father and Child of Lazy mellancholy,
Author of public care and ſecret ſtrife,
Expenſive Ruin, everlaſting cheat,
Belov'd Conſumption of the Great,
Plague of the Poor,
Sin of a ſalted Froathy whore,
Whoſe emblematic birth
Foretold her miſcheifs to the misbelieving Earth.

So rotten and ſo baſe
The Embryo was,
The Gods in Heaven and Earth could find no place,
Impure enough for ſuch vile Midwifry
But drencht it in the wide worlds ſink the ſea.
There by the Rapid Motion
And the briny pickle of the Ocean,
Which like a ſickly ſtomach ſtrove
To diſembogue the Potion

On

On the resisting rocks, that drove
The Poyson back again
Into the troubl'd maine;
Preserv'd from dissolution,
It became
The Queen of Beauty, lust and shame.

Thy lawless fire
Compos'd of Rapine blood and fire,
God of destructive Rage and War,
Lean Povertie and desolation are
The Blessings which do fall from his vain-glorious Carr,
With horrid slaughter all imbru'd,
With curses and with hate pursu'd
He *Venus* woo'd:
The union of this Matchless pair
Of Rash and Brave, Lustfull and fair,
Produc'd this most accomplished heir;
An Offspring for such parents fit,
Eternal Moth of Treasure, Peace and Witt.

On a ROSE taken from CELIA'S *Breast.*

POor hopeless Emblem of *Amintors* heart,
Thy blooming beauty's over cast;
Deep shades of grief seem to ore spread each part,
Yet still thy fragrant sweets do last.

Thou wer't not, when my dearest Nymph is kind,
In all thy pride so blest as I;
She gon, my wounded heart thy fate does find,
So does it droop, and so will die.

What joyfull Blushes did thy leaves adorn?
How gay, how proudly didst thou swell?
When in *Prancelia's* charming Bosom worn,
That Paradise where Gods would dwell.

Oh had my heart that happy place possest,
It never had from thence bin torn;
But like a *Phœnix* in her spicie Nest
It still should live and ever burn.

No wonder thy perfume so nere thy death
Still lasts though this Vermillions gon,
Thy sweets were borrowd from her sweeter breth
Thy fading Colour was thy own.

No

See how my burning sighs thy leaves have dy'd
Where I have Suck'd thy stolen sweets;
So does the Amorous Youth possess his Bride
And print hot kisses on her lipps.

Amber dissolv'd, the beaten Spices smell,
That Gold is valu'd most that is prov'd;
Coy Beauty's lost, but lasting fame will tell
Their praise that love and are belov'd.

SONG.

HOw severe is forgetful old Age,
To confine a poor Lover so?
That I almost despair
To see ev'n the Air,
Much more my dear *Damon*——*hey ho.*

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
Yet I'me trac'd where ever I go,
For some treach'rous Tree
Hides this old man from me;
And there he counts every——*hey ho.*

How shallt his *Argus* blind?
And so put an end to my woe;
But while I beguile
All his Frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a——*hey ho.*

My restraint then, alas, must endure;
So that since my sad doom I know,
I will pine for my love,
Like the Turtle Dove,
And breath out my Life in—*hey ho.*

The KIND HUSBAND *but* IMPERIOUS WIFE.

Husband.

WIfe, prithe come give me thy hand now
And sit thee down by me;
There's never a man in the Land now
Shall be more Loving to thee.

Wife.

I hate to sit by such a drone,
Thou liest like a Logg in my bedd,
I had better ha' lain alone,
For I still have my maiden head.

Husband.

Wife, what wouldſt ha me to do now,
I think I have playd the man;
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd ha me do more than I can.

Wife.

I make you do more than you can?
You lie like a Fool god wott;
When I thought to have found thee a man,
I found the a fumbling ſott.

Husband.

Wife prithee now leave off thy ranting,
And let us both agree,
There's nothing elſe ſhall be wanting
If thou wil be rul'd by me.

Wife.

I will have a Coach and a man,
And a ſaddle Horſe to ride;
I alſo will have a Sedan
And a Footman to run by my ſide

Husband.

Thou ſhalt have all this my dear wife,
And thou ſhalt bear the ſway,
And I'le provide thee good chear wife;
Gainſt thou comſt from the Park or Play.

Wife.

I'le have every month a new Gown,
And a Petticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the Modiſheſt Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

Husband.

Thou ſhalt have this too, my ſweet Wife,
If thou'deſt contented be,
Or any thing elſe that is meet, Wife,
So that we may but agree.

Wife.

I will have a Gallant or two,
And they ſhall be handſome men;
And Ile make you know your cue,
When they come in and go out agen

Husband.

Methinks a couple's too few wife,
Thou ſhalt have three or four,
And yet I know, thou'dſt be true, wife,
Although th'hadſt half a ſcore.

Wife.

I will have as many as I pleaſe,
In ſpite of your Teeth, you Fool,
And when I've the Pocky diſeaſe,
Tis thou ſhalt empty my ſtoole.

Husband,

Why how now you brazen fac'd Harlot;
I'le make you change your note,
And if ever I find you ſnarle at
My actions, Ile bang your coat.

Nay I'le make you to wait you *Flaps*,
At table till I have din'd,
And I'le leave you nothing but Scraps,
Untill I find you more kind.

Wife.

Wife.

Sweet Husband I now cry *peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave you
Ask Pardon, and hope to prevail:

For now I will lie at your foot,
Desiring to kiss your hand;
Nay, cast off my Gallants to boot,
And still be at your Command.

To his BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS.

YOu meaner Beauties of the Night,
That poorly satisfie our Eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the Skies;
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Natures layes,
Thinking your voices understood,
By their weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You Violets that first appear,
By your purple Mantles known,

Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
Where are you when the Rose is blown.

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be than a Queen,
And I beleive she was design'd
T' Ecclipse the Glory of her Kind.

HARRY *and* MOLL.

MY Name is honest *Harry*
And I love little *Mary.*
In spight of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*
I'le have my own fegary.

My Love is blithe and Bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be,
Fresh and gay as the Flowers in *May*
And lookes like *Jack a Dandy.*

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'le Drink my Wine and nere repine
And down the staires I'le shove her.

But

But if that ſhe will love,
I'le be as kind as may be,
I'le give her Rings and prettie things
And deck herlike a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and Spangl'd ore,
Juſt like a *Bartholomew Baby*.

Her Waſcoat ſhall be ſcarlet
With Ribands ty'd together
Her Stockings of a Bowdy hue
And her ſhooes of Spaniſh leather.

Her Smock of fineſt Holland
And lac'd in every quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her garter.

Then to the Church I'le have her,
Where we will wedd together,
And ſo come home when we have done
In Spight of Wind and Weather.

The Fidlers ſhall attend us;
And firſt play *John come Kiſs me*;
And when that we have danc'd a round
Then ſtrike up *Hit or miſs me*.

Then hiey for little *Mary*,
Tis she I love alone Sir,
Let any man do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

The VISION.

IN the cool shady Grove,
Where all confess they love;
There methought,
Cherea brought
All her Charms about her:
All the Ghosts flockt to see,
Such a kind Lover;
Every Soul envy'd me,
And view'd her over.

How she surpriz'd my Ghost,
Till every sense I lost;
And the while,
With a smile,
Strangely did beguile me,
Both our hearts we resign'd,
Each possess'd either,
Hand in hand then we join'd,
Wandring together.

The SERENADING SONG.

THou Joy of all Hearts and delight of all Eyes,
Natures rich Treaſure, and Beauties chief prize;
Look down you'le diſcover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a heart full as true,
As e're languiſh'd for you,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

That Heart which was once a Monarch in's breaſt,
Is now your poor Captive and can take no reſt;
'Twill never give over,
But about your ſweet boſom twill hover;
Dear Miſs let it in,
For by heav'n 'tis no ſinn,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The LIBERTINE.

HAppy is the Man that takes delight,
In banquetting his ſenſes,
That drinks all day and then at night,
The height of Joy commences;

With

With bottles arm'd we'le ſtand our ground,
Full bumpers crown our bliſſes,
Then ſing and roar the ſtreets around,
In ſerenading Miſſes.

Pleaſure that's free and unconfin'd,
No drowſey Crime approaches;
No Heav'n like a frolic Mind,
No pleaſure like Debauches:
Whilſt rambling thus new Joys we reap,
In Charms of Love and Drinking;
Inſipid Fops lye drown'd in ſleep,
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.

Phillis *bewailing the Loſs of* Philander.

AH cruel bloody fate, what canſt thou now do more?
Alaſs 'tis now too late *Philander* to reſtore;
Why ſhould the heavenly Pow'rs perſwade,
Poor Mortals to beleive;
That they guard us here and reward us there,
Yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then ſhe took, and graſp't it in her hand,
And with a dying look, ſaid, Thus I fate command;

Philan-

Philander, ah my Love, I come,
To meet thy ſhade below;
I come ſhe cry'd with a Wound ſo wide,
There needs no ſecond blow.

In purple waves her blood ran ſtreaming down the floor,
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the flood, and bleſs'd her dying hour;
Philander, ah *Philander*! ſtill,
The bleeding *Phillis* cry'd;
She wept a while, and ſhe forc'd a ſmile,
Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

The FURIOUS SCOLD SERVED *in* HER KIND.

WAs ever a man ſo vex'd with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony* ſince I was wedd,
For I never gate my belly full,
But ere I have ſupp'd I muſt haſten to bedd;
Or elſe ſhe'l begin to ſcold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppy and Cuckold and all;
Yet ſhe with her Cronies muſt troul it about,
Whilſt I in my Kennel muſt ſnore it out.

I once did go to drink with a friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away,
We both but two-pence a peice did spend,
Yet it proved to me Execution day.
For she flew in my face and call'd me Fool,
And comb'd my head with a three legg'd stool,
Nay she furnish'd my face with so many scratches,
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

What ever mony I get in a day,
To keep her in quiet I give her at night;
Or else she'l license her Tongue to play,
For two or three hours just like a Sprite.
Then to the Cubboard Peelgarlick must hie,
to seek for some Crusts that long have lain dry,
So steep 'em in skim milk untill they are wet,
And commonly this is the supper I get.

And once a month for fashions sake,
She gives me leave to come to her bed;
But most of that time I must ly awake,
Least she in her fits should knock me 'oth' head.
But as for the bed I lye on my self,
You'd think 'twere as soft as an oaken shelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen Hurds,
And yet for all this I must give her good words.

We commonly both do piſs in a pan,
But the Cullender once was ſet in the place;
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc't it out on my ſtomach and face.
I told her then ſhe went beſide,
But ſhe call'd me Rogue and told me I ly'd;
And ſwore it was not up to her thumb,
And then threw the Pan i' the middle oth' Room.

Then a Maid that was my ſweetheart before,
Did come to the Houſe to borrow a Pail;
I kiſt her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But ſhe flew in her face with tooth and nail.
But the Wench ſtood to her and claw'd her about
That for a whole fortnight ſhe never ſtirr'd out;
For her Face was ſo ſwell'd and her Eyes were ſo ſore,
That I never ſaw Jade ſo mangl'd before.

She then did bid me drop in her Eyes,
A ſoveraign water ſent her that day;
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury ſteeped in whey.
I dropt in and 'nointed her face,
Which brought her into a moſt deviliſh caſe;
For ſhe tore and ſhe ranted, and well ſhe might,
For after that time ſhe never had ſight.

Know *Celia*, 'tis not so much out of Date,
To force me to suffer such slavery.

Or is it because thou wilt follow the mode,
Since most are addicted to changing;
Thou'dst never get thee a name abroad;
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more, this truth thou wilt find,
I therefore advise thee be wary;
When ever thou gett'st thee a man to thy mind,
He'l play thee the same Fegary.

The DISAPPOINTED LOVERS.

A A *Celia*, when we lately Lov'd,
Then I enjoy'd your heart alone,
And you my Passion too approv'd,
And call'd me still the Loyall one.

II.

Then Equall flames and like Desires,
Lay Sparkling in each others eyes;
And all the joys that Love inspires,
Were then the Fuel of our fires.

III.

There was no coyness to embrace,
At which the sowre can onely wonder

For

Then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place;
And now 'tis *Husband I hope y' are well*;
Before 'twas Cuckold and Rogue to my face.
Then blest be that Henbane and Mercury strong,
That made such a change in my Wives tongue;
You see 'tis a Medcine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'le say no more.

The COY GIRLE.

WHy should my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yeild me those Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy,
In our am'rous mutual embraces;
She'l not give me a Reason
But shew me a frown,
Is enough to destroy a poor Lover;
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee my own,
But now I my folly discover.

Is it because I have been so kind,
At all times to feed thy desire;
In presents and Treats, thou hast changed thy Mind,
And left me like Dun in the Mire?
Or else dost thou think my Estate
Is too mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?

Know

For what the ſouls think no diſgrace,
The Bodies ne're ſhould part aſunder.

IV.

And who can tell how often we,
By joyning Lipps have ſouls exchang'd?
While Pleaſure triumph'd thus to ſee,
Th'Exchange ſo pleaſantly reveng'd.

V.

Yet ſtill our flames were pure and chaſt,
As chaſt as are the Morning Beames;
How chanc'd it then they did not laſt?
What Fuel faild to feed ſuch flames?

VI.

Ah *Celia*, *Celia*, well thou knoweſt,
It was no fault of thine or Mine;
But Trueſt Lovers muſt be croſt,
When ever Love and Fate combine.

VII.

Elſe Love and Fate had different Aims,
And Love to curb Fates Envious Power
Himſelf put out thoſe Amorous Flames,
That he had cheriſh'd ſo before.

FINIS.